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MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, COMMANDING TWELFTH CORPS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—From a Drawing by Mr. Emil Sigel.—[See next Page.]

MAJOR-GENERAL SIGEL.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born at Baden, in Germany, in 1824, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age at the present time. He was educated at the military school at Carlsruhe, closed his course with honors, and obtained a high position in the army of his country. In the year 1847 he was esteemed by his brother officers the most scientific artillerist in Germany. When the rebellion broke out he took sides with the insurgents, lost his commission, and took service with the popular party. At one time he was in chief command of the popular army, and managed by a skillful retreat, in which he led away 30,000 men from a pursuing army of 80,000, and saved all his guns and trains, to elicit the warm eulogiums of the oldest soldiers in Europe. At the overthrow of the rebellion Sigel emigrated to this country.

Here he engaged in teaching, and fairly settled down to the dull life of a professor, and married the daughter of the principal of his academy. About the year 1858 he obtained a position in a college at St. Louis, and removed thither. When the rebellion broke out he tendered his services to the Government, and was given the command of the 2d Regiment of Union Volunteers, raised in St. Louis. He was soon appointed Brigadier-General, and accompanied General Lyon on his famous campaign against Price. At the battle of Springfield, where Lyon was killed, Sigel succeeded to the command, and withdrew our little army with skill and success. He subsequently commanded a corps throughout the bloodless campaign under Frémont; and when General Curtis was detached to operate in Arkansas, Sigel led one of his divisions. It is understood that he planned and won the great battle of Pea Ridge almost against the wishes of his superior, General Curtis. After the battle some difficulty about commands arose, and Sigel was called to Washington and given the command of Harper's Ferry. On the organization of the Army of Virginia a place was created for him by the resignation of General Frémont, and he accordingly took command of his army corps. In all the terrible battles which Pope fought in order to delay the advance of Lee against Washington Sigel took an active part. At the Rappahannock his cannon incessantly thundered; and though the enemy outnumbered him by at least five to one, he held them at bay until M'Clellan's army arrived at Washington. When the Army of Virginia was merged into the Army of the Potomac Sigel was given the command of the Twelfth Army Corps, and is now moving in the direction of Warrenton and Gordonsville, apparently in order to cut off the retreat of the rebels.

General Sigel is universally admitted to be a splendid officer, and is enthusiastically loved by the German troops. It is to be hoped that General Halleck will give him a suitable force.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION IN SECESSIA.

THE iron is at last entering the rebels' soul. The blustering braggarts who insulted the spirit of the age by attempting to destroy the noblest Government on earth, and to rear up on its ruin a hideous deformity modeled on the pattern of the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey: the sham chivalry who sickened Christendom by their pretensions, while they were living on the labor of 4,000,000 unpaid servants: the barbarous creatures, who thrust our prisoners into new Black Holes of Calcutta, and dug up our dead soldiers' bodies to make rings and drinking-cups and keepsakes of their poor bones: these monstrous products of the system of slavery are at length realizing the gulf into which they have plunged. Ordinary language fails to provide expletives for their wrath: there is no precedent in history fierce enough for the policy they are going to adopt. They call Mr. Lincoln an "ape," a "fiend," a "beast," a "savage," a "highwayman." Their Congress is resolved into a dozen committees, each trying to devise some new form of retaliation to be inflicted upon United States citizens and soldiers, if we dare to carry the proclamation into effect, and tamper—to use the words of the Richmond *Enquirer*—with "four thousand millions' worth of property!" They are going to hoist the black flag. They are going to put to death not only soldiers on the battle-field, but every Northerner found on Southern soil. Some they are going to try by courts-martial. But it doesn't seem that that is to benefit them much; for the end of the trial is to be death. No one has yet suggested torture before execution; but that will probably come. It will be nothing new in parts of the South.

Well: all this fuss and fury over, what then? As to the black flag, the rebel soldiers will have something to say about that. At the recent battle of Antietam a Louisiana Regiment was almost exterminated. One of our soldiers explained the circumstance to a visitor. "You see, Sir, the other day at South Mountain that regiment charged with the cry of 'No quarter;' so when our boys met them again we let them have it a little hotter than usual, and there was hardly a corporal's guard of 'em escaped." A lesson or two of this kind will show these insane warriors in the rebel Congress that departures from the regular laws of warfare cut both ways. If the game of murder is to be played, there will be two parties to play at it, and twice as many players on our side as on theirs.

As to negro insurrections. When this war first broke out it was commonly supposed that the negroes would rise at the South. This expectation has not been fulfilled. There have been negro insurrections. But they have been so promptly and so thoroughly suppressed that they exercised no appreciable influence on the war. The very fact of the war, and of the wholesale military organization of the Southern people, have rendered insurrection much less likely to be successful than it ever was. The slaves are unarmed and unorganized; the whites are under arms and thoroughly organized. Every town and village at the South contains more or less companies of armed troops—amply sufficient to put down insurrection in the neighborhood. Now the proclamation will do no more alter this state of things than the Pope's Bull altered the course of the comet. What it will effect will be to destroy utterly and forever the legal tenure of slavery in the rebel States, and to deprive the slaveholders, wherever our armies go, of the peculiar property on whose behalf they made war upon us, and for whose protection they desire to erect a separate government. In point of fact, the slaves, when freed, are much more likely to trouble us than their old masters. We shall have to feed them until some new organization of their labor can be effected. They are not at all likely to attempt to massacre their old masters—unless, indeed, those masters should be foolish enough to try to massacre them. All the bugaboo stories about the slaughter of women and children are mere moonshine, intended to affect opinion in Europe. Even in San Domingo the negroes did not begin to kill the whites until they were satisfied the whites intended to exterminate them. If the rebel leaders are so afraid of their wives and children being massacred, why did they publish the proclamation in their papers? If there was really any danger of the kind, does any body believe that the negroes would have been so openly invited to commence the work of massacre?

The thing, the only thing, which the rebels do fear is the loss of "four thousand millions of property." The chivalry see that after 1st January, if the rebellion lasts, they will have to work for their living, instead of fattening on the unpaid labor of four millions of blacks. This is the awful prospect which unmans them. It is this which convulses the rebel newspapers, and has thrown their Congress into paroxysms of anguish.

GOOD EXAMPLES.

A FEW days since the President was induced, by representations from Western politicians, to remove General Buell from the command of his army, and appoint General Thomas in his place. The change was no sooner made known to the latter than he at once declined to accept the command, and telegraphed to Washington earnestly begging that General Buell be retained, and assuring the Government that no better man for the place could be found in the army. The reply to his telegram was an order reinstating General Buell.

A few days previously, shortly after the return of General M'Clellan from the peninsula, and when men's faith in the hitherto popular General had been shaken, the powers at Washington were casting about for a new chief for the Army of the Potomac. It is understood that their first choice was General Wright, who was killed at Centreville. Next they turned to Burnside, and offered him the command. He promptly declined it. With characteristic modesty he questioned his own fitness for so responsible a station, and he declared, as his own and the soldiers' conviction, that the very best possible man for the command was M'Clellan. Accordingly, General M'Clellan was reinstated, and the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were won.

There is nothing finer in history than the lofty examples of patriotism and self-sacrifice thus given by Generals Burnside and Thomas. It is refreshing to find that, even in our day, when politicians are disgracing the country by their selfish intrigues and squabbles, there are men who can afford to surrender for the sake of the public good what must always be the dearest prize of ambition. The war will not have been in vain if its fire purges men's souls of some of the dross of peace, and develops more noble acts like these. Burnside, commanding an army corps when he might have led the whole army, and stoutly refusing to be elevated at the expense of M'Clellan; Thomas, promptly telegraphing to Washington to decline the honor that is dearest to his heart, because he would not do injustice to Buell: these are the men, these the acts that will live in history, and which future generations will love to recall as evidences of the spirit which animated men in the terrible crisis of 1862.

THE LOUNGER.

THE UNION-AS-IT-WAS.

THE speeches of Andrew Jackson Hamilton, of Texas, are so clear, manly, and convincing, that it is to be hoped every citizen in the loyal States will ponder them well. Mr. Hamilton was born in Alabama, and was a late representative in Congress from Texas. He is a Southerner and a slaveholder. But he believes in something besides slavery; and values the Union and the freedom of its inhabitants more than he does a system which is, has been, and always will be, essentially incompatible with republican government.

"I do not wish," he says, "the Union-as-it-was in Texas." Why? Because he dislikes the Constitution-as-it-is? Far from it. But because in the Union-as-it-was in Texas, the Constitution-as-it-is was constantly trampled under foot, and the very objects of the Union despised and outraged. "Because, in short," as Mr. Hamilton says, "because I might say what Washington said, believing it; what Jefferson wrote, and what all the good and great men of that day believed; and under the Union-as-it-was in Texas I should be stigmatized as a traitor, and meet a traitor's doom. If I can enjoy the right of speech, the great and inestimable right intended to be secured to me by the Constitution, then I can bless the Union." But a Union that gags him, and hangs him for claiming his constitutional rights, is a Union that he curses and does not bless. And who does? Who does?

Let every man remember that the loud-mouthed bayers for the Union-as-it-was do not mean the Constitution-as-it-is. Its most sacred provisions were outraged in every State now rebellious. No man's life was safe below Mason and Dixon's line who exercised the right, guaranteed to him by the Constitution, of saying what he thought upon public affairs. He was insulted, hunted, hung. Mr. Hamilton tells the terrible tale for Texas. Nor only that, but free citizens and voters in the loyal States were seized and sold into perpetual slavery; and when Massachusetts sent a venerable lawyer to discuss the question before the Carolina Courts, he was mobbed and forced to fly.

Grant that citizens used their constitutional right of speech in a manner "distasteful" to a certain class in the South. What then? Is the Constitution of the United States subject to the "taste" of a body of slaveholders? Was the simple plea of any speaker for the natural rights of man more "distasteful" to a certain class at the South than a speech of Yancey in a Northern State telling us that he and his friends would, of course, hang us if we spoke at the South as he did at the North, and that if he and his friends could not have their way they would break up the Union? He was protected, and properly, by the Constitution in saying what he had to say. But if the "taste" of his audience had done what Southern "taste" always did in the Union-as-it-was, Mr. Yancey would have been suddenly dumped into the nearest slave State, or he would have been ——! So the Constitution protected, and properly, the man who was brought from Tennessee as the grandson of Patrick Henry, and who driveled to honest and hard-working laboring men of the extreme happiness of slaves, and the immense delight for hard-working men and women of having their babies sold at auction.

Does any body suppose that the wretched stuff of this kind, insulting to humanity and common sense, which was so freely spouted by slavery-orators every where, was "tasteful" to the people of the Free States? No; but its free expression was a guaranteed right of the people of this country under the Constitution, and that right was perfectly respected. Yes, and often the right of saying such things was more respected than that of expressing faith in the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Yancey could say without danger any where in the Free States, "I am for dissolving the Union to save Slavery." But if Mr. Phillips said "I am for dissolving the Union to save Liberty," he was in personal danger.

From that kind of Union-as-it-was, in which the most sacred rights and the clearest provisions of the Constitution-as-it-is were outraged and violated, Mr. Hamilton, a slaveholder of Texas, desires to be delivered. So says he; so say we all. Amen, Amen.

THE POLITICIANS AND THE COUNTRY.

THE honest and sober citizen will not fail to remark that the politicians at the North who strenuously supported the rebels when they threatened to destroy the Government, and who advised the people and the Government to surrender to their threats, are now equally anxious about what they call Constitutional rights and a Constitutional conduct of the war. They mean simply, as every body knows, such a conduct of the war as will leave slavery untouched. The Constitutional right of a rebel to his life they are willing to forego, but his Constitutional right to his slaves they insist upon protecting with an edifying ardor. Now as the right of a citizen to his life is the chief and most sacred of all his rights, why is it that the politicians find it Constitutional enough to kill him if in armed rebellion, but fearfully unconstitutional to liberate his slaves whom he compels to aid him in his rebellion?

Simply because these politicians are solely anxious for the preservation of their party, not of their country. They know that if the rebellion is suppressed and slavery is saved, they are sure of the political support of the entire slave interest which controls the South. And they equally know that, if the rebellion succeeds and the slave States secede, they (the politicians) have a political capital upon which to begin the agitation for reconstruction. But if in the process of suppression slavery disappears, these same gentlemen know that their political ambition is forever defeated.

It is not the welfare of the Union, nor the Constitution, nor the country, which inspires them, but their own political predominance. When they thought it necessary for the maintenance of that predominance to support those who threatened the Government, and the Union, and the country, in case of the constitutional election of a President they did not like, they did not hesitate to give that support, and thereby to threaten the Government. Now when they think that a truly earnest and constitutional conduct of the war, including emancipation, imperils their political future, they do not hesitate to denounce that conduct. Their sole interest is themselves. Their only care is their party.

But the Government which they denounce—the Government which can not constitutionally be changed for two years and a half, has *not* taken a party ground. Loyal men of all parties are in its honored employ to-day. In too many cases its desire to be truly impartial and patriotic has caused the retention of utterly unfit civil and military officers. The Government elected by a party has aimed only at the preservation of the Union, and not at the perpetuity of the party. In the interest of the Union, of the country, and of the Constitution, it has issued a military order of prospective emancipation.

In the interest of their party the politicians denounce it. Which is dearest to the sober citizen, to whatever party he may have belonged, the success of a party or the salvation of the country? If the former, he will support the politicians. If the latter, he will support, with all his soul and all his strength, the Government constitutionally elected.

"OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS."

"BUT when you talk of severe measures and a vigorous prosecution of the war, do you not forget that the rebels are our fellow-citizens, with whom, when we have subdued the rebellion, we must live as fellow-citizens still?"

No; it is not in the least forgotten. But while they have been and shall yet be fellow-citizens, they are now desperate conspirators and rebels. The first duty, as also the most pressing necessity of the Government, is the overwhelming and speedy suppression of the rebellion. For the possible future peace of the country, and for our living together at all, that is the paramount duty of the hour. Killing them, overrunning their estates, destroying as an army necessarily destroys, shelling their camps and their towns, if necessary; seizing their property for the use of the army, and to help pay the expense of the war they have waged against the Government; liberating their slaves who reach our lines, and at last freeing all slaves, that the rocking foundations of their industrial system may strike a panic to their hearts—all these measures are not gentle. They do not win affection although they do compel respect, as power always does. They certainly exasperate and embitter. But they are war; and war never makes immediate friends.

To call men who have risen in arms against this Government without a shadow of right or excuse—for the debate upon slavery was just as constitutional as that upon a tariff or a bank—and who have pursued that purpose by every dishonorable and bloody means—who have filled with anguish hundreds of thousands of hearts and homes—who have paralyzed the prosperity of a great nation, and, for a moment, affrighted the hope of humanity and civilization—to call these men "our erring Southern brethren" is to mock the agony of a nation and insult common sense.

But they are to be our fellow-citizens? Well, suppose they are. They are to be so only when they have satisfied themselves that they are not strong enough to break away and disown us. They are to be made our fellow-citizens in the future by conquest, by subjugation. Pray for what other purpose have we hundreds of thousands of men in arms, ships of war, and tremendous artillery? For what other purpose did we kill and wound thirty thousand of them, as General M'Clellan reports, at Antietam? Why have there been a hundred thousand of them disabled in the hospital at Richmond? Simply because they do not yet believe that we mean what we say, when we declare that the Union shall be maintained. For the Union we know is the nation; and to destroy the Union is to ruin the nation.

The rebels are to be forced at the point of the bayonet to be our future fellow-citizens. That is the result to which every loyal man looks forward. They are not to be conciliated, nor wheedled, nor bamboozled. They are to be starved and shot and maimed and impoverished and exposed in every way until they submit. There is but one other result of the war. There can be but one. And that is, that *we* shall be starved and shot and maimed and impoverished and hurt in every way until we are tired out and submit.

Under these circumstances—and there are no other—what is the obvious condition of their consenting to be our fellow-citizens? Simply that further resistance now and future insurrection shall be clearly hopeless. If we patch up an armistice, a truce, a peace, we shall be merely Samson treacherously fondled to sleep by Delilah. Let us stop before the work is done, and we shall have it all to do over again. Leave a chance, a hope, a nucleus of future rebellions, and our "fellow-citizens" will again rebel.

It is, therefore, for the very reason that we bear in mind that they are, at every cost, to be our future fellow-citizens that the most stringent measures are the most conservative. The great point is to show the rebels that they inevitably *must be* fellow-citizens, and they do not believe it while we pat them and play war. If the popular mind had justified, as it did not, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, the employment of every power and resource of the Government, and every recognized means of war, the peace we all desire had been long ago conquered, and thousands of the brave and true, whom we shall see no more, would have hailed with us the dawn of that day in which, the seed of war being destroyed, we can indeed become fellow-citizens.

YANKEEIZATION.

THE rebel Virginian Governor Letcher's late diatribe against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as a "nuisance" that ought to be abated recalls irresistibly the famous outburst of the old Virginian colonial Governor Berkeley, in 1671: "I thank

God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government: God keep us from both!"

What state of society is that in which schools and railroads are nuisances? It appears from the Virginian papers that these are "Yankeeizing" institutions. Yankeeizing is therefore another name for introducing intelligence, skill, enterprise, and thrift. The great Northwest, for instance, has been Yankeeized; and it is a tolerably flattering specimen of the results of this process. This war is the Yankeeization of the great South. It is to be shaken up, renewed, developed into full civilization and the use and benefit of its magnificent resources. It is to be made to come to itself, as in the parable the prodigal son, after eating husks and lying with swine, "came to himself"—to his real powers and consciousness and conscience. From a sot he became a man.

Yankeeization is but another and awkward and spiteful word for civilization. And that is the inconceivable benefit which Virginia and the other rebellious States are to derive from this war. Poor Virginia has always labored under the terrible misfortune of its original settlement by people who were called "gentlemen," and others defined in the petition of the Virginia Company as "vagabonds and condemned men." It was a sorry beginning; but let the poor State which, notwithstanding this drawback, produced glorious men a century ago take heart. Despite the present and recent crops of Masons, Letchers, Tylers, and Pryors, it shall be Yankeeized into peace, prosperity, and an honorable regard for human rights.

THE POSTAGE STAMP NUISANCE.

THE simplest way is usually the shortest and best. When the Government found it necessary to issue paper change, a plain shin-plaster was evidently the thing required. The unnecessary complication of the postage stamp upon the bills justly provoked the question of an intelligent foreigner: "Can the Yankee genius, in straits for a circulating medium, devise nothing simpler than this?"

Whether postage stamps are currency or not, is a question practically answered every moment. You get your change in stamps, and you make your purchases with them. They are the meanest and most inconvenient of all substitutes for coin; but the Government, of course, has received what it considers good money for them. But now we are informed that "soiled" stamps will not be received upon letters, and that letters not posted with clean stamps will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

By what right does the Government repudiate its promises? What is a postage stamp but a certificate of payment for mail service to be performed by the Government? The Government has made that contract with the nation, and it is a breach of trust to refuse to honor the certificate. Undoubtedly the order is made in the hope of throwing the stamps out of circulation as a medium. But whose fault is it that they have not already dropped out? And how can the fact that they are used as a convenience for exchange, or that they have become soiled, possibly affect the other fact that the Government has received due value for them?

The whole business is a botch and a disgrace. If a convenient medium had been immediately, or with reasonable rapidity, furnished to the people, there would have been little trouble about postage stamps.

DISCUSSION AND REBELLION.

IN his admirable speech at Syracuse Mr. Tremain spoke one truth which ought to be thoroughly and universally comprehended. "Will words—words indulged in as freely by the South as the North—afford justification for untold murders and the rankest treason? If not, how is the North the author of this mischief?"

This remark is in reply to Mr. Seymour's accusation of the North as the real author of the rebellion. "Who," asks Mr. Seymour, "stained our land with blood? Who caused ruin and distress? All these things are within your own knowledge. Are their authors the leaders to rescue us from our calamities? They shrink back appalled from the mischief they have wrought, and tell you it is an irrepressible conflict."

Freed from the rhetoric in which the orator finds it convenient to wrap it, this statement is simply that the rebellion is justified because slavery was discussed at the North. It is another form of the remark, "The abolitionists are guilty of the war." Mr. Tremain's reply is exactly to the point and conclusive. Words, the right of free speech, of the amplest discussion of every question that affects the welfare of the people, is the most sacred and precious of the rights of the people. Under the Constitution of the United States, in the time of peace, there is no question whatever that may not be debated with the most absolute freedom. It is the Constitution of a republic, but it allows and protects the expression of a preference for a monarchy or for a despotism. It is a Constitution of compromises upon certain points; but its spirit solicits and its letter defends the most radical discussion of the wisdom or the folly of those compromises. There is no such thing as a free popular government without the most perfect liberty of discussion; and the only spirit in this country which has ever questioned it, which has ever practically denied it by mobs and Lynch law, is the spirit of slavery, purely exceptional to our system and now seeking its overthrow—a spirit which worked its will in the Free States of the country through the agency of those who are the fastest friends of Mr. Seymour.

Under the Constitution of the United States a man has the most absolute right, and has always had, to discuss slavery in whatever terms he thought fit, just as he has to discuss school systems, tariffs, forms of election, banks, laws of divorce, or any other subject which interested him. If he slanders any person, he is amenable to the law of libel. If he decries and accuses the Government, or charges the majority of his fellow-citizens with the guilt of a bloody civil war, or stealthily suggests to them the most dishonorable and destructive betrayal of the national integrity—as Mr. Seymour does in his speech—he is amenable under the Constitution neither to mobs nor to courts but simply to public opinion. Mr. Seymour charges the blood of the rebellion upon those at the North who thought and said that slavery was wrong and impolitic. But which is the graver offense, to say that and to hold in good faith to the Government and Constitution, or to say what Mr. Seymour himself says? If he is justly protected by the Constitution in saying at this time what he says in this speech, surely he has little reason to complain of what Mr. Seward (whose famous phrase he repeats) and other orators said in honorable political debate in a time of perfect peace.

To charge upon the expression of any opinion of public questions whatever the responsibility of a war is to flout the Constitution, which guarantees full liberty of speech. And to the eternal glory of the American people be it said, that while the advocates of slavery were dubbed "national," and were patiently heard from Maine to Texas, there were Americans who were resolved that Freedom should sometimes have a word at least in the Free States. No, no, Mr. Seymour, slavery struck at discussion because it knew that discussion was fatal to it. And when discussion, under the plain guarantee of the Constitution, opened the eyes of the people to the encroaching despotism which they were tolerating, slavery struck at the Government whose control it had lost forever.

Great is the fall of slavery, Mr. Seymour, but not more final and fatal than that of those who declare that the exercise of any right under the Constitution justifies rebellion. In our popular system what can not be discussed will not be tolerated; and discussion will surely expose also what is not tolerable. Judge Tremain spoke most truly. Words do not justify untold murders and the rankest treasons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

A horse-dealer, in showing off a spirited nag to a customer, received a kick in his ribs, and although smarting under the pain, made up the best face he could, and exclaimed, "Pretty playful creature!"

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson, my poor husband died with the cholera, he did." "Ah! that was a pity, Mrs. Smith. But then we must have got rid of the cholera; that is, according to your story." "How can you make that out?" "You said, Mrs. Smith, that he died with the cholera. Well, if he did, they must have both died together!"

A few days ago a gent in the neighborhood of Cardiff went out with his dog and gun. The dog (a pointer) came to "a point," when the "sporting gent" walking up, deliberately kicked the sagacious animal, saying, "You lazy brute, are you knocked up already?"

A gentleman at a public dinner-table lately asked the person next him if he would please to pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you *mistake* me for a waiter?" "Oh no, Sir," was the reply; "I *mistook* you for a gentleman."

Francis I. being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the time to the highest dignities of the Church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your Majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's Ark, but I can not tell positively from which of them I am descended."

"When I was quite a boy," says Smith, "my father ordered a coat for me from an Israelite, and when the garment came home it was large enough for two or three of my size. The perplexed Jew, after vainly trying to gather up the fullness in the back with his hand, so that the front might set tight, declared at length, boldly, the coat was 'goot,' it was no fault 'of te coat, te coat fit coot enough, but te poy was too *slim*.'"

A man that catches his handsome wife scolding her servants is apt to be reminded that the peacock, with all its beauty, has the harshest voice in the world.

A juvenile sporter belonging to a primary school, boasted to his play-fellow the other day that he would by-and-by become the fortunate possessor of an important article of youthful aspiration. "My father," said he, "has gone to the war, and if he gets killed I am going to have his fish-line."

"I wants to schipp in the *Lucilla*," said a Dutchman to a clerk in a shipping-office. "Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?" "It is Hans Vanas Mananderdaunsevaneymendeymiteheitenschupfeyldsmedteschupyortinromp!" said the Dutchman, gravely. "Zounds!" cried the clerk; "do you know what it is in English?" "Yaw, ich does," said the Dutchman; "it ish Von Smidt."

An organist of Bangor was very peculiar as to the nature of his meals, and having gone to church one Sunday without leaving his usual directions, the anxious wife sent her little boy for instructions. When the boy reached the church, he found they had just commenced the *Te Deum*, and fearing to wait until it was finished, he crept up to his father and commenced singing in his ear, in the treble voice (*sotto voce*)

"Mother's got a hind-quarter of lamb,
What shall she do with it?"

The organist was rather astonished, but promptly replied, in base,

"Roast the loin and boil the leg,
And make a pudding of the suet."

With which message the young genius instantly decamped.

PEBBLY BEACH PHILOSOPHY.—"Women," remarked the Contemplative Man, at Margate, "are deep as the blue waters of that bay." "Ay, Sir," rejoined the Disappointed Man, "and as full of craft!"

"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Oddfish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into town in the first place without a farthing of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

A DUTIFUL SON.—"How old are ye?" said Major Kipling to a dwarfish young man. "Twenty." "I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being no bigger—you look like a boy of ten." "All comes of being a dutiful child." "How so?" "When I was ten, father put his hand on my head, and said, 'Stop there!' and he then ran away. I've never seen him since; and I didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

Put a good face upon every thing, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, *September 29*—1.20 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief of the United States Army:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report the following as some of the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam:

At South Mountain our loss was 443 dead, 1806 wounded, and 76 missing. Total, 2,325.

At Antietam our loss was 2010 killed, 9416 wounded, and 1043 missing. Total, 12,469.

Total loss in the two battles, 14,794.

The loss of the rebels in the two battles, as near as can be ascertained from the number of their dead found upon the field, and from other data, will not fall short of the following estimate:

Major Davis, Assistant Inspector-General, who superintended the burial of the dead, reports about three thousand rebels buried upon the field of Antietam by our troops.

Previous to this, however, the rebels had buried many of their own dead upon the distant portion of the battle-field, which they occupied after the battle—probably at least five hundred.

The loss of the rebels at South Mountain can not be ascertained with accuracy; but as our troops continually drove them from the commencement of the action, and as a much greater number of their dead were seen on the field than of our own, it is not unreasonable to suppose that their loss was greater than ours. Estimating their killed at five hundred, the total rebels killed in the two battles would be four thousand. According to the ratio of our own killed and wounded, this would make their loss in wounded eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two.

As nearly as can be determined at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles will, at the lowest estimate, amount to 5000. The full returns will no doubt show a larger number. Of these about 1200 are wounded.

This gives us a rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of 25,542. It will be observed that this does not include their stragglers, the number of whom is said by citizens here to be large.

It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the rebel army lost at least 30,000 of their best troops.

From the time our troops first encountered the enemy in Maryland, until he was driven back into Virginia, we captured 13 guns, 7 caissons, 9 limbers, 2 field forges, 2 caisson bodies, 39 colors, and 1 signal flag. We have not lost a single gun or a color.

On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small-arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens and those distributed on the ground to recruits and other unarmed men arriving immediately after the battle.

At South Mountain no collection of small-arms was made; but owing to the haste of the pursuit from that point, 400 were taken on the opposite side of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ANSWER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept.* 30, 1862.

Major-General M'Clellan, commanding, etc.:

GENERAL,—Your report of yesterday, giving the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, has been received and submitted to the President. They were not only hard-fought battles, but well-earned and decided victories.

The valor and endurance of your army in the several conflicts which terminated in the expulsion of the enemy from the loyal State of Maryland, are creditable alike to the troops and to the officers who commanded them.

A grateful country, while mourning the lamented dead, will not be unmindful of the honors due to the living.

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION IN SECESSIA.

The news of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation has fallen like a fire-brand into rebeldom. In the rebel Senate, on the 29th ult., Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, submitted a joint resolution on the proclamation, and said, it was "a gross outrage on the rights of private property and an invitation to servile war, and therefore should be held up to the execration of mankind and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as, in the judgment of the President, may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." The subject stirred up the ire of the rebels; they gave vent to their rage in severe bombast, threats of annihilation, black flags, etc., *ad infinitum*. The Richmond *Dispatch* thinks "that the proclamation itself does not in the least alter the character of the war, as it has been an abolition contest from the beginning: the Yankees have stolen and set free all the negroes who were willing to go wherever their soldiers had possession of the country." The Richmond *Enquirer* has a rabid editorial on the proclamation. It says that document "ordaining servile insurrection, has not been for a moment misunderstood North or South." It styles President Lincoln "a savage" and a "fiend," and "the very ignorance which drives him to his own destruction stimulates him to the darkest excesses." It then compares the scenes to be enacted under the proclamation with the Nat Turner massacre in 1831. The *Enquirer* says: "It is one of the means which the most callous highwayman should shudder to employ." The article closes: "The new programme will, necessarily, destroy all terms between us. The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the character and magnitude of the hostility. Let our authorities prepare the whole strength of our people for a tremendous shock."

MORE RETALIATORY MEASURES.

On 1st October Mr. Semmes introduced into the rebel Congress resolutions of a very savage retaliatory nature, declaring that after the 1st of January, 1863, all officers and non-commissioned officers found invading the Confederate States should be treated as criminals, and put to hard labor until the end of the war, or the repeal of the Confiscation act. All such officers as may command or train negroes or mulattoes for military service against the Confederacy, or incite them to rebellion, shall suffer death. Other pains and penalties are prescribed for different acts of our officers, and a war of extermination, in which the rules of civilized warfare are to be ignored, is proclaimed. These resolutions were read in the Senate, and not yet voted upon.

In the House the spirit evinced was still more bitter, Mr. Lyons, of Virginia, introducing a resolution exhorting the people of the Confederacy to kill every officer, soldier, and sailor of the enemy found within their borders, unless a regular prisoner of war; declaring that after the 1st of January, 1863, no officer of the enemy ought to be captured alive, or if recaptured should be immediately hung; and offering a bounty of twenty dollars, and an annuity of twenty dollars for life, to every slave and free negro who shall, after the 1st of January, 1863, kill one of the enemy.

The Virginia Legislature resolved to grant immunity to any person who may kill any parties found on the sacred soil, armed or unarmed, aiding to carry out the "fiendish purposes" of the proclamation.

THE PROCLAMATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Union feeling in North Carolina appears to be dominant. The President's emancipation proclamation has been received there with great enthusiasm by the non-slaveholders. They are to hold a great Union mass-meeting at Beaufort in honor of the event, in which all the counties in the two neighboring Congressional districts are to be largely represented. All the candidates for Congress in both districts are to be present and address the people on the occasion.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The President, accompanied by General M'Clellan, had a grand review of the Army of the Upper Potomac on 3d October. His reception and that of General M'Clellan was intensely enthusiastic. The President commenced with General Burnside's corps, and proceeded to those of Generals Porter, Reynolds, and Franklin, and the division of General Richardson, taking in the whole ground from the mouth of Antietam Creek to Bakersville.

The President returned to Washington from his visit to the army on Saturday night, 4th, and immediately had an interview with Mr. Stanton. The enthusiastic reception of the President at Frederick, and the loyalty displayed by the Marylanders on the occasion, will have a most excellent effect upon the prospects of the war.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT CORINTH.

The forces of General Rosecrans had a terrible battle with the rebels under General Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, at Corinth, lasting from Saturday, 4th, until three o'clock P.M. on 5th. General Price attacked our army with forty thousand men, but was gallantly met by General Rosecrans, assisted by General Grant, and, after two days' desperate fighting, the rebels were repulsed with great slaughter, leaving their dead and wounded behind, and were hotly pursued by the Union army. The loss on both sides is said to be heavy. General Hackleman was killed at the head of his men. The firing was distinctly heard at Bethel station, twenty miles from Corinth, up to three o'clock on 5th.

We took between 700 and 1000 prisoners. General Oglesby was dangerously wounded, and Colonels Smith, Gilbert, and Mower slightly. General Rosecrans started on 5th after the enemy. Price was said to be in the forks of the Hatchie River, between the armies of Generals Rosecrans and Hurlburt. The latter was endeavoring to cut him off.

THE OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

FIRST DISPATCH.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
JACKSON, TENNESSEE, *October* 5—8 A.M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, United States Army:

Yesterday the rebels, under Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, were repulsed from their attack on Corinth with great slaughter. The enemy are in full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Rosecrans telegraphs that the loss is serious on our side, particularly in officers, but bears no comparison with that of the enemy. General Hackleman fell while gallantly leading his brigade. General Oglesby is dangerously wounded. General M'Pherson, with his command, reached Corinth yesterday. General Rosecrans pursued the retreating enemy this morning, and should they attempt to move toward Bolivar, will follow to that place. General Hurlbut is at the Hatchie River with five or six thousand men, and is no doubt with the pursuing column. From seven hundred to a thousand prisoners, besides the wounded, are left in our hands.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General Commanding.

SECOND DISPATCH.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
JACKSON, TENNESSEE, *October* 5, 1862.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army:

General Ord, who followed General Hurlbut, met the enemy to-day on the south side of the Hatchie, as I understand from a dispatch, and drove them across the stream and got possession of the heights with our troops.

General Ord took two batteries and about two hundred prisoners.

A large portion of General Rosecrans's forces were at Chevalla.

At this distance every thing looks most favorable, and I can not see how the enemy are to escape without losing every thing but their small-arms.

I have strained every thing to take into the fight an adequate force, and to get them to the right place.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General Commanding.

THE SITUATION IN KENTUCKY.

On Friday, 3d, the rebels had a force of nearly thirty-five thousand men within a circle of eight miles diameter round Bardstown, while the advance of our army was within four miles of that town. There had been considerable skirmishing with the rebels, who were driven in, and six hundred prisoners taken. On Saturday, 4th, the rebels discovered that they could not hold the place, and evacuated it at ten o'clock. General Van Cleve entered Bardstown at six o'clock the same evening. Kirby Smith, with ten thousand rebels, is reported at Frankfort. Bragg and Buckner are on their way to Lexington. Bragg swears that he will send every man who refuses to join his army to the north of the Ohio. On 4th the rebels evacuated Frankfort, after having inaugurated a Mr. Hawes governor. Our pickets are near Frankfort.

GENERAL MORGAN ON THE OHIO.

General Morgan has arrived at Greenupsburg, Kentucky, on the Ohio River, fifteen miles above Portsmouth. He evacuated Cumberland Gap on the night of the 17th ult., with General Stevenson's army three miles in his front, with Bragg and Marshall on his flanks, and Kirby Smith in his rear. He kept on the defense during the march, the cavalry of General Stevenson and the guerrilla Morgan constantly harassing him. He marched one day twenty-four consecutive hours, and on three successive days, driving John Morgan's men from their suppers. For three days his force were on a limited supply of water.

GENERAL BUELL'S COMMAND.

General Buell was temporarily deprived of his command last week, and General Thomas appointed in his place. General Buell was, however, almost immediately reinstated at the request of General Thomas himself and all the Major-Generals in the Army of Ohio.

JOHN MORGAN DEFEATED.

The rebel guerrilla, John Morgan, with 1000 men, made an attack upon the Carter County Home Guards, at Olive Hill, on 3d, and after a fight of several hours was totally repulsed. The rebel chief then retreated toward the Licking River, burning thirty-five houses on his way. Next night Morgan returned to Olive Hill.

THE WESTERN GUN-BOAT FLEET TRANSFERRED TO THE NAVY.

The War Department has issued an order transferring the Western gun-boat fleet to the Navy Department, and returns thanks to all the officers of the Navy and Army, and to the civilians who aided them, for their valor, skill, and patriotism exhibited in the service on the Western rivers during the past campaign.

CIVIL LAW RE-ESTABLISHED IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans journals state that the operation of civil law has been restored in that city; that the Sheriff was to open six district courts in proper form, and the usual law proceedings were to go on.

THE ADDRESS OF THE LOYAL GOVERNORS.

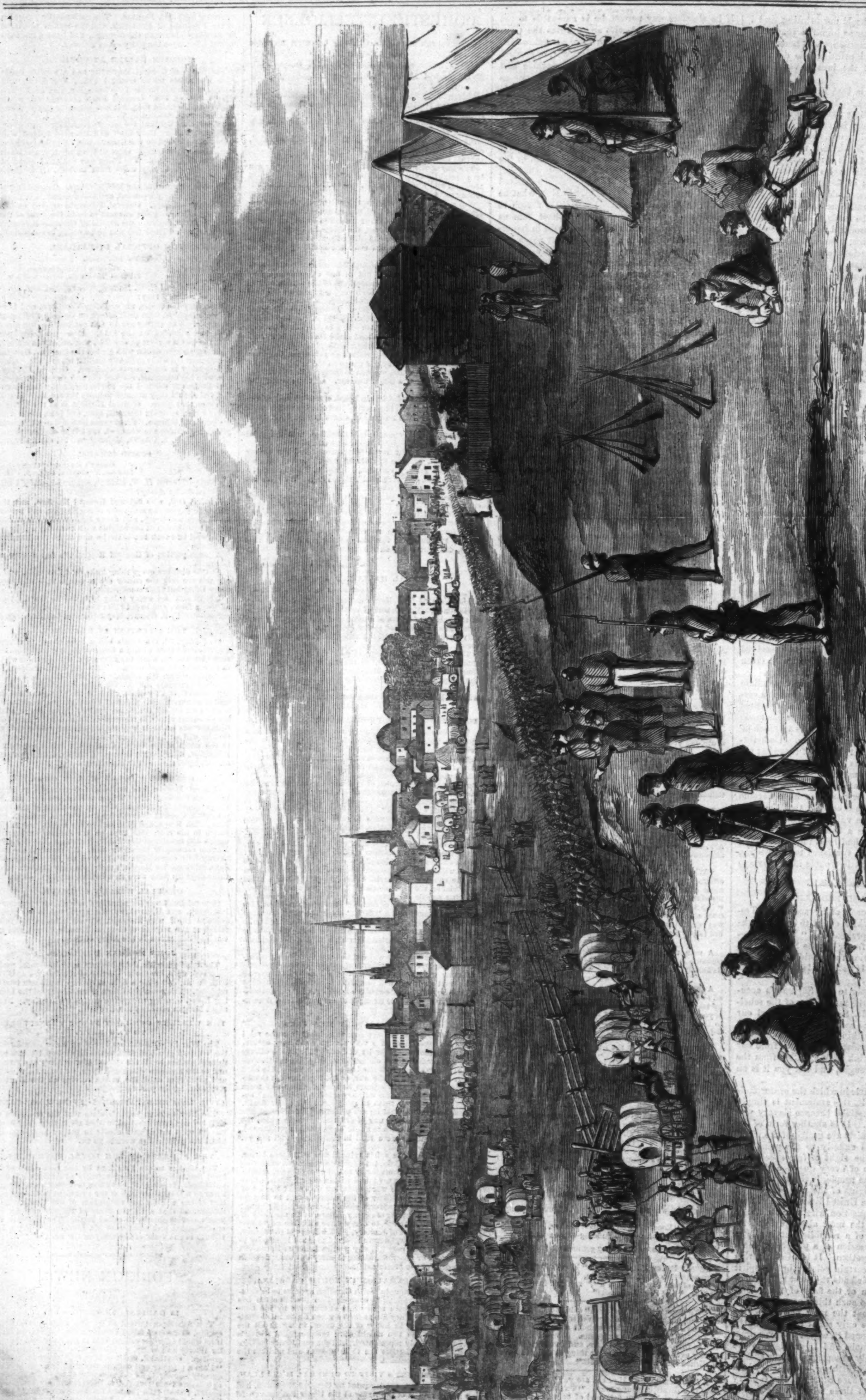
The address to the President by the Governors of the loyal States who assembled recently at Altoona has been published. It is signed by twelve Governors, and pledges them to a cordial support of the President in the prosecution of the war for the restoration of the Union. They recommend that a reserve army of 100,000 men for one year's service should be called forth. They indorse the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, and pay a full tribute to the valor of the army in the field.

FOREIGN NEWS.

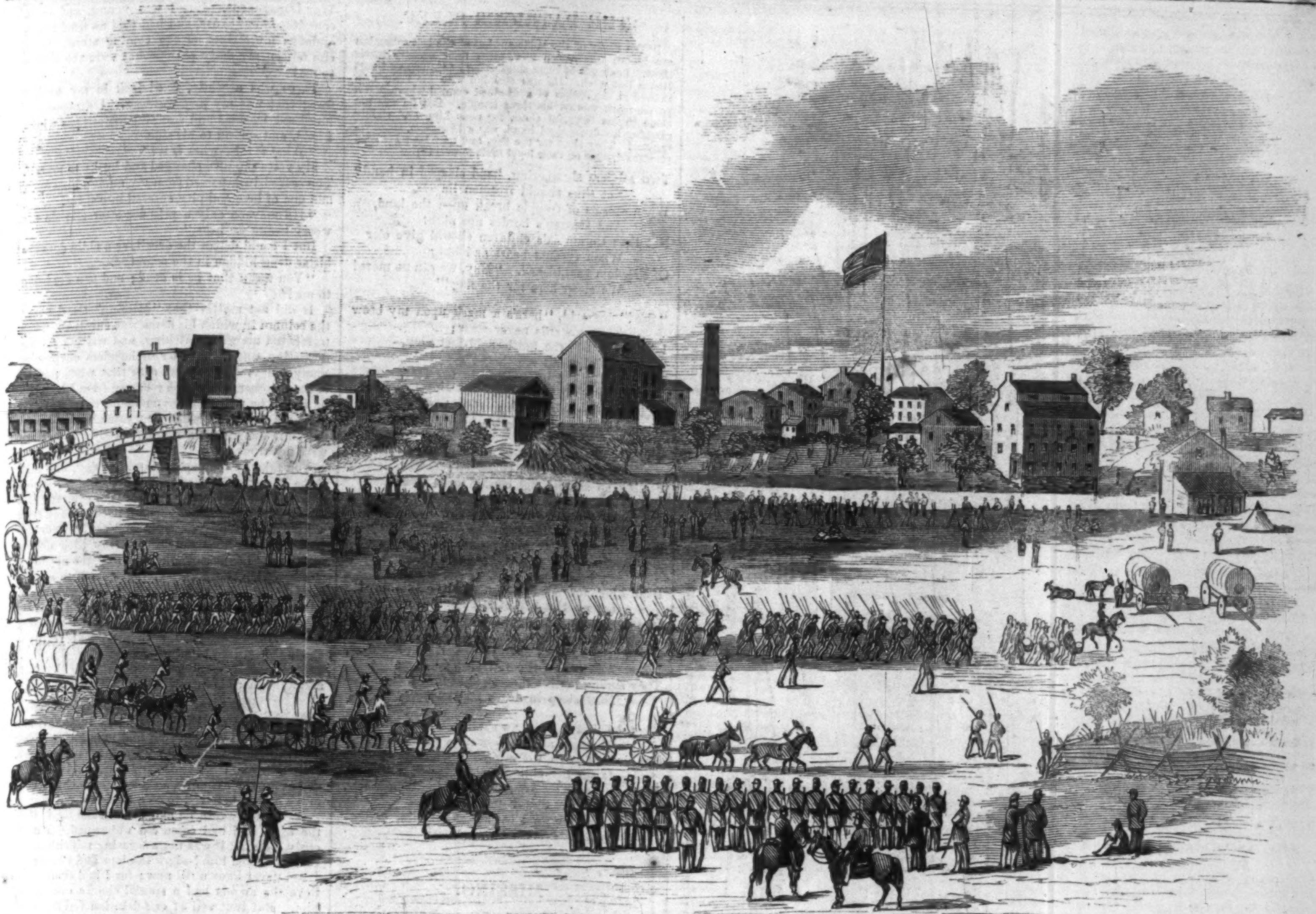
ITALY.

IS GARIBALDI COMING HERE?

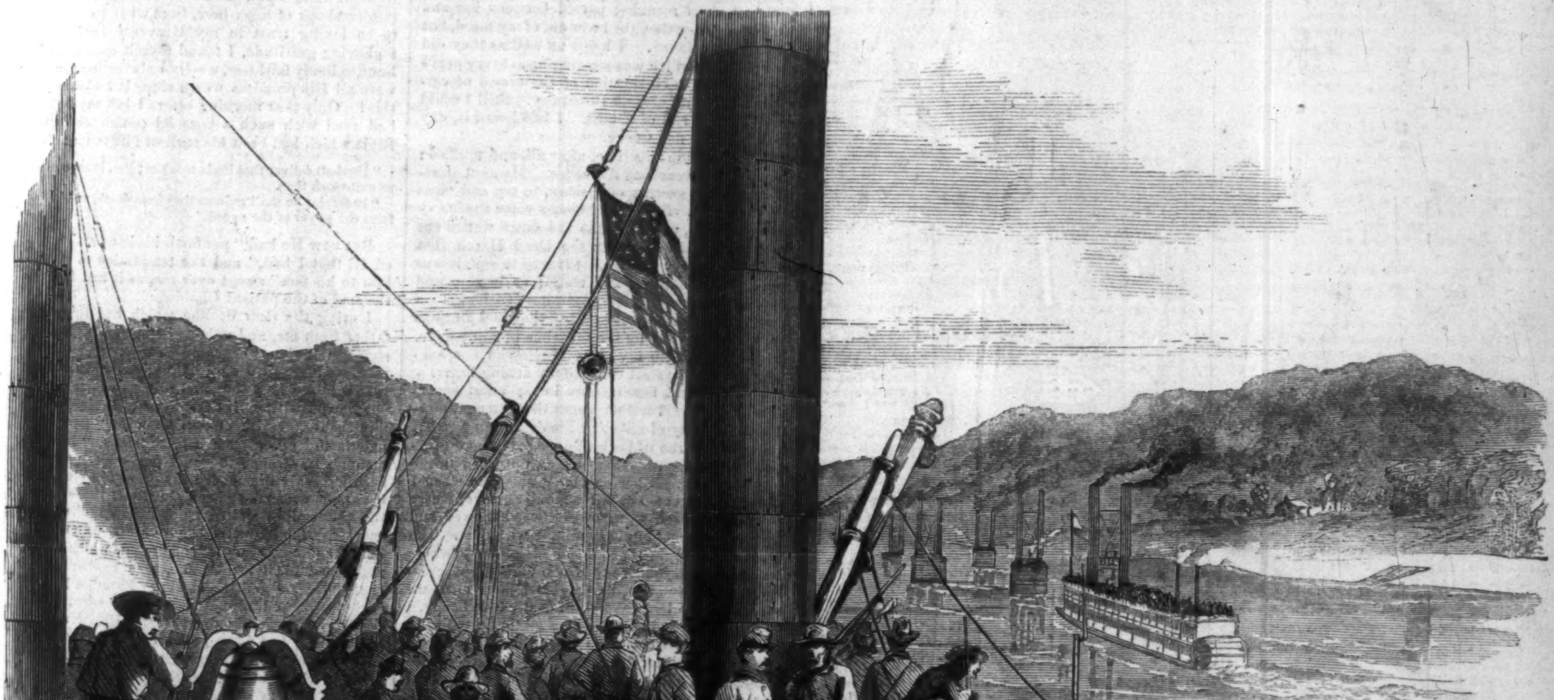
THE American Consul at Vienna wrote to Garibaldi, asking, as he had failed in his patriotic efforts in Italy, if he would offer his valiant arm in the American struggle for liberty and unity, promising him an enthusiastic reception. Garibaldi, under date of September 14, replied: "I am a prisoner and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty." The above correspondence appears in the *Wonder*, of Vienna. The London *Times* and *Post* have already commenced to sneer at the idea of Garibaldi taking service under the United States Government to fight the South, where "nine millions of people are fighting for the right to govern themselves."



GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY ENTERING LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Drawn by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 663.]



SHELBYVILLE, THE ONLY UNION TOWN OF TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. H. R. Hübner, Third Ohio Volunteers.—[See Page 663.]



THE VETERANS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI ON THEIR WAY UP THE OHIO.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 663.]

WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND, AND THE FORD ACROSS THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 669.]

THE PATRIOT'S SLEEP.

["Too many of the Wide-awakes of the last campaign are indeed fast asleep now, when their country needs them. I saw one of them slumbering by Culpepper Court House last week. He was sleeping with his right arm twisted in the spokes of a disabled cannon-wheel, and a purple mark was on his right temple. But he was not alone in his forgetful sloth, for near him, and rigidly grasping his disengaged hand, was a Democrat, slumbering too! They sleep for the flag, and may its stars shed pleasant dreams on their loyal souls forever!"]

Two soldiers slumbering, hand clasped in hand?
Not thus should freemen lie
When storms of trouble break upon the land,
And treason's hordes are nigh.
Not thus Columbia's children should give o'er
When tyrants boast and brag
Of Freedom vanquished. "Nay, we can no more!
We sleep here for the flag!"

"See!" one said, "here's a mark upon my brow
That cowards never wear;
I have but left the battle-field just now—
A bullet hit me there!"
The other looked up smiling in my face,
His rigid lips apart;
And spoke no word, but motioned me to trace
His wound above his heart.

Oh! many slumbering *by* the flag we see,
By love of ease possessed;
Feeling no shame; not caring to be free—
Not so *they* sunk to rest.
They met the foe, refusing to bow down
Before a rebel rag:
Speak softly! give their memory a tear
Who sleep thus for our flag!

Dear Flag, for whom so many sleep this day!
Let all thy bright stars shine
In pleasant dreams upon these loyal souls,
For they were always thine!
When others would have trailed thee in the dust,
And hailed thy fall with glee,
They sprang to save thee—fought in thy defense—
Now sleep in death for thee.

Sleep on, brave ones, ye shall not be forgot!
Through all the country's pain
She dreams not all of *self*—her tenderest thought
Is for her children slain.
When she looks for strong arms, and willing hearts,
And feet that never lag,
She wishes you were by her side again,
Who now sleep for the flag!

MISSING.

"What is it, dear?"

"Only the drums. Oh, if they would only stop one moment!"

I saw my dear aunt shake her head sorrowfully, while a look of meaning passed between her and my uncle. They thought I was out of my mind, but they were mistaken. I knew as well as they did that the noise which was wearing upon every nerve was only the reverberation of the crowd of carriages and omnibuses on Broadway. Still I could only hear the roll of drums. I had heard it, day and night, for five weeks.

It was a drum this time, after all, and muffled: they were approaching the house. My aunt started up, with a gesture of dismay, to try and close out the sound. Nearer and nearer came the heavy tramp of men, and now the sad dirge wailed out by low-toned instruments the Dead March that marks a military funeral. Strange to say, it was wonderfully soothing and restful as it rose and died away upon my ears, strained so long to a steady, monotonous roll! When they had all gone by, I was weeping, for the first time in many days. It was like dew to my dry eyeballs—an unspeakably blessed physical relief to my aching heart.

Those funeral honors were in my mind apportioned to him. I felt no longer the bitterest, most maddening fear of all—that his dear form was left unburied, for the ill birds of prey to tear and mangle. A ghastly, blackened face, upturned to the scorching sun, no longer glared upon me when I closed my eyes; but a low, quiet grave, where comrades had said a prayer as it was hollowed, and where dust should quietly mingle with dust. The grass should spring upon it some day; wild-flowers look up with dewy eyes to heaven; and there peacefully, as in my arms, he should slumber until we should be reunited beyond all death and change.

Again that sad and touching strain floated back to my darkened room on its errand of mercy—fainter and fainter now as the footsteps receded—"Adestes Fidelis," our old Sunday evening hymn! For weeks my mind had gone in the same dull, maddening round; but now I saw my old home as vividly as if I were in reality the little fair-haired child nestling in my dear father's arms, while my mother touched the keys, and their voices rose upward in a solemn and tender unison—an emblem of their united godly lives!

A feeling of pity for myself came over me to think I had come to this—that bright, eager, hopeful child! I wondered if *they* did not pity me, removed as they were from the sorrows of earth; if they did not long to pluck me out of the dark waters that were surging over my soul. Who knows but it was their spirits ministering unto me; for from that moment the stupor of despair left me? I only wonder I had not died at first. It happened thus: I came down so cheerful and buoyant that morning, singing to my bird as I arranged the flowers that our city garden afforded, for it was my day for a letter from him, and all this long year he had never failed me. Twice a week his daily journal, in which every act and thought of his life was chronicled for my eyes, came. There might be delays after it left his hand, but none through him.

I did not think to unfold the morning paper, not knowing that a movement of his corps was expected; but my uncle had known it for several days, and had been dreading disaster, as I afterward found, from the carefully-worded telegraphs of the War Department. But I was young, and over-confident of our cause, and had paid no heed to the ominous mutterings of the coming storm. The sun fell on my daily path—what were the clouds to me!

There was a white, fixed look in my uncle's face; that was my first warning. I dropped the blood-red fuschias and fragrant heliotropes which I held, and sprang to his side.

"What *is* it?—what *is* it?"

My voice sounded changed and husky to myself. The scared look passed from my uncle's kind eyes, and one of love and pity entered into them.

"He may be only a prisoner after all; do not worry before we hear."

But I could detect the deceit, as a child does the bitter drug hidden in the conserve.

"You mean that he is dead; and you are lying to me!"

It did not matter that "Missing" stood above the column in which his name was enrolled. They tormented me with watching, and writing for information, and all manner of hopeless devices for many a day. They were sure that when the list of the prisoners should be received from Richmond he would be reported among them, but I gave up from the first; and when that came with no news of him it was almost a relief, for they let me alone with my trouble.

You take up the papers day after day, and read those dreadful lists without a thought. Those names are no more to you than the columns of a directory, or a list of advertised letters. You have a kind heart, and you sigh, and say, "Poor fellows!" as you lay them down. How little do you understand of the sickening anxiety, the appalling shock, which those very columns carry to a thousand households! How eager eyes dilate with horror and unbelief as fearing, and hoping, and praying they come upon the name they seek for staring them in the face with such persistent reality—staring them into blindness.

So I read it, leaning over my uncle's shoulder, and following his finger with a dizzy brain:

Missing—Arthur L. Grant.

The first on the list, followed by the name of a company and regiment that had marched proudest of all through our streets thirteen months before, since they had left wealth, and ease, and luxury, to go out for their country's sake—a pure enthusiasm in what they believed to be a noble cause.

Again and again he had been in the thickest of the fight, and had come out unharmed. I impiously believed it was my unceasing selfish prayers that protected him!—how impious and how selfish I had never known till now; for I had come to believe the angels had a special charge concerning him. But that veil of self-delusion fell from my eyes like a mist; my presumption in thinking God would exempt me from the trials common to all! I dare say you know every phase of mind I passed through with, if you have ever been visited with a sudden shock of loss; how, from what I conceived to be loving trust in my Heavenly Father and a glowing gratitude, I found myself madly rebellious, sullenly faithless, wholly unbelieving. What were all His promises worth since it had come to this! Only that morning before I left my room I had read with such a boastful confidence in the Bible which had been his earliest gift to me:

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven shall no evil touch thee.

"In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword."

But now He had "put forth his hand and touched all that I had," and the temptation to "curse him to his face" swept over me, as it had through the soul of the patient Chaldean!

During the slow decline which had taken my father from me, and exhausted my mother's little strength in long-continued care and watchfulness, we had sailed on a long voyage, in the hope that it might stay the cruel disease which worked out its end with such deceptive quietness. I was wretchedly feverish and ill for a long, long time, unable to leave my berth or to take any nourishment; yet, strange to say, I never slept without such heavenly dreams! An unaccountable happiness stole over me as I sank to sleep; the fever and the thirst were slaked on delicious fruits or at sparkling fountains of the clearest water. The dull monotony of sight and sound, which almost maddened me when awake, was exchanged for the landscapes and the music of Paradise!

So it was with me now for a time; when awake, despair and desolation and eternal isolation closed around me; but when I sank into an unconsciousness that was not sleep, such bright, mocking visions of the past, with every precious hour that memory held in store, was lived over with a minuteness and vividness that mocked the changeless reality of widowhood.

Every half-expressed thought or glance of tenderness—the perfect repose of the full knowledge of his love—the bitter bliss of our first parting, when the call to arms sounded through the land—the unspoken longing to be called his—to bear his name, at least, if his life should be laid down for his country; the long clinging, passionate farewell, when I first felt all the intensity of his love; and his sudden, unlooked-for return.

That day came up before me continually. I heard the sound of clear ringing footsteps in the hall when I thought him hundreds of miles away, and started to be caught to his heart, and find that my quick recognition of that familiar tread was indeed a blessed reality! How tenderly he smoothed back my hair as I clung to him—afraid he would vanish as strangely as he had come—and pressed my cheek close and closer to his breast, till I could hear the strong throbbing of his heart; and then he whispered, "You must be my wife, Agnes, before I leave you again; this separation will be intolerable if I can not pour out my whole heart to you, and think of you as all mine!"

Yet he was to return the next day; for his sad errand of escort to a deceased comrade, one of the first to baptize the soil of Virginia with heroic blood,

was already accomplished. It was all so strange, so hurried, so dream-like, when I stood up between my kind uncle and aunt the next morning, and my uncle laid my hand in Arthur's, and, trembling from head to foot, I made those solemn vows that bound me to him for life and death.

Once—only once—I heard his dear voice utter the sacred name of "wife"—and then it was all over; my clasping arms were unlocked from his neck with tender and gentle force, my husband's first and last kisses were showered upon my face—and he was gone!

Was this the end of my faithful watching and waiting—ceaseless vigils in spirit by an unknown, unhonored grave?

But now neither bitter realities nor tender memories mingled in the sleep to which I sank; for hours my unstirred pillow was as dreamless as that of the dead, and I awoke so rested and so calm that at first they feared the new mood only as a more insidious symptom of mental malady. I had a plan and purpose of life—for a time, at least—which had come to me as suddenly as an inspiration. I had been denied that which I had coveted—to soothe his pain, to watch by his bed of suffering; but there were those who had suffered in the same holy cause to whom I could minister—his comrades, who, in turn, were far from all they loved.

My aunt called it madness when I told her of my intention to leave my sheltered home with her, and devote myself to the wearing, self-sacrificing life of nurse among the hospitals. "My health forbade;" "my strength had never been taxed;" "it was a romance I should soon be cured of;" "they would not undertake the risk to which my life would be exposed." But I had expected opposition, and met it quietly but firmly. An only child, self-will had been long a governing principle, and they finally gave way, believing what I told them, that it was my only escape from madness, the prospect of action, a mind and heart both occupied fully.

I knew he would have approved my course, and what was my ease and comfort that it could not be resigned when Arthur's had been so readily sacrificed? And suppose the worst came—or what they thought so—there was a selfish, cowardly pleasure to me in the thought that I should then be united to him again so soon.

I wanted to put on the mourning-dress which suited my condition, but that they would not allow me. Arthur's relations opposed it "while there was hope." Alas! there had never been hope. Some of them caviled at my purpose, and called it unwomanly; but then they had at my sudden marriage also—dull souls, who made religion of routine and social observance.

It was the first approach to happiness I had known when I put on the plain gray dress which Arthur had always liked so much, calling me his "little nun," and knelt down in the silence of my own room with a vow of consecration to my God and my suffering fellow-creatures; for He accepted it, I knew, blotting out the human weakness of my rebellion. I knew it by the power that I had given me at that moment to look upon the past without bitterness, and the long, weary future without a cowardly shrinking from it.

My dear aunt waited for me below, with tears that she could not restrain; she saw my blighted life in my thin, worn face, and she had tried so hard to make me happy after that first great loss, and be a mother to me. I stood on the spot where I had been made Arthur's wife. How should I return to my home again? How pass through those doors that now closed so reluctantly upon me?

But then all pain was over save meeting my uncle's pitiful looks, from time to time, as we went on our little journey together.

The surgeons did not care to admit me at first—my youth and inexperience were against me; but my uncle told them my story with a faltering voice, and I pleaded so humbly for the least and lowest office, that they allowed me to remain. My narrow, comfortless quarters were assigned me, and my longed-for task began.

The first day tried my resolution to the utmost; the long rows of sufferers, the wan and wasted faces, the pitiful imploring looks from eyes that followed me as I passed, the sickening sight of maimed and wounded limbs, the ghastly stump cushioned into sight and coolness, the ravings of delirium, the wan, ashen faces of the dying!—oh, my God, that such scenes should be!—repeated with unvarying sameness through those long, dull wards—through miles of wards like these all over our land! And then I saw his sufferings in theirs. Ah! I could not close my eyes, could not compose my limbs to sleep; could only start, and turn, and pray for them and for those they loved, and for my country, all those long wakeful hours.

After that I entered into my work with the exceeding comfort I had expected, and an eager interest in individual suffering that surprised me. When I first came upon the empty bed of one who had been my peculiar care, and who had passed beyond the reach of all ministry, I wept as if I had lost a brother. I forgot aching limbs and weary head when moistening lips blackened by fever, cooling the stiffened bandages, or turning the heated pillow. The close, heavy air ceased to sicken me, my nerves shrank no longer at cries of pain or sight of gaping wound, if so I could prepare a cordial or bathe the sinking pulse back to life again.

Two weeks had passed, and I had won the confidence of the surgeon who had opposed my admission most decidedly. He was abrupt and cold in his manner, but he had a warm and feeling heart; these men had found it out beneath his brusque exterior, for no woman's touch was more gentle, though so firm and rapid in all that required to be done.

I had never obtruded myself upon him, but I noticed, with a pleasure like the award of commendation, that he began to intrust his orders to me more and more; that he singled me out for cases that required the most constant watchfulness. This day he said to me, after giving his directions, "You have not broken down yet, poor thing! poor young thing!"

It was as if my father had pitied and caressed me; but it was so unlooked-for that I almost gave way to tears before him.

That same afternoon I found myself passing a ward that had been prepared some days for new arrivals, just as they were bringing in those sad and touching burdens. Men helpless as infants clung to the arms that supported them, or tottered to the beds prepared for them like little children just learning to walk; stretchers as ghastly as biers passed and repassed with those to whom all places were alike, so that motion would cease and they might be allowed to die in peace; others moaned or shrieked at the torture of the tenderest touch; and all were, without exception, squalid and wretched to the last degree. I wondered to see them so, even while I passed from one to another with restoratives; but still I had not heard that they were paroled prisoners, fresh from the filth and privations of the rebel capital. No; there was not even a tremor of possible hope that I might hear his name or his story among that suffering crowd, as one by one passed before me.

I stooped at length over a wan and wasted figure laid upon the bed in the most remote corner. The face was hollow and emaciated, the eyeballs sunken, the dry lips black and parched by fever; the dark hair and heavy beard were closely shaven; the thin hands clasped together, as if death had already released this poor sufferer. I thought it must be so at first; but as I bent down more closely the eyelids were feebly lifted, the lips quivered painfully.

"Yes—it is heaven!"

I caught the feeble, wandering whisper; but, oh, my Heavenly Father! was my mind wandering too?—had pity clouded my brain?

They must have thought I had gone mad! Perhaps the kind surgeon thought so when he turned, the moment after, to find me kneeling by the bed with that poor, wasted, shriveled face cradled in my arms, and my passionate outcries for help startling the painful quiet around us, for life seemed to have flickered and gone out with the look of recognition which I had caught.

I had said—oh how often!—that I would be content if he could die in my arms; and there he lay, slipping away from me into eternity!

I knew it was best, when they unwound my arms as he had done on that blessed morning, and the surgeon lifted me as if I had been a child and carried me from the room; but I crouched down by the door, blessing the falling darkness that sheltered me, and when he had passed out I crept back again to that bedside. Surely we might be trusted: we did not exchange one word! Sight and touch were sufficient; the grateful, almost adoring looks from those large, brilliant eyes, as my hand passed softly over his forehead, wooing for him the sleep that would save him, and praying that it might avail. And at last the lids fell softly, the hand that I clasped sank away, the painfully tense expression faded from his face; and I began to find that it was no cheating dream, but a blessed, hopeful reality, that Arthur had been given back to me from the dead!

How did I return to the home I had left with such a breaking heart? As a bride indeed, with the blessed consciousness that, but for my presence and watchful care, Arthur would have been at that moment lying among the crowded unknown dead of a soldiers' burial-ground. There had been no trace of his name or home, for the fever had been on him when he went out to the battle-field, and he was carried away from it to a prison shelter, wounded and raving in delirium.

Think of the change in my heart and life when I entered the room in which I had suffered those long, slow weeks of torture; when I knelt by the white-robed bed, too speechlessly thankful for words or tears, with Arthur's arm clasping me, and his dear voice thanking God for both of us, and for the strange deliverance which He had wrought!

THE BROKEN VOW.

I.

DYING lies young Effie Logan
  While the snow-drops spring:—
Though her lily hand, so wasted,
  Wears no bridal ring,
Yet a babe unto her white breast
  Tenderly doth cling!

II.

She is dreaming of the false one,
  And the traitor's vow
That beguil'd her heart so trusting—
  Trusting even *now!*
"*He will come!*" she softly murmurs—
  Death dews on her brow!

III.

Lo! a Chief spurs o'er the heather,
  And the draw-bridge falls,
And a stately step is sounding
  Through Glenallen's halls.

IV.

Well she knew that haughty footfall—
  With a sobbing cry
Stretching wide her arms so wasted—
  "Kiss me ere I die!

V.

"Fold me fondly to your bosom!
  Clasp me closer still!
Let me feel my true-love's kisses
  Though his kiss doth kill!

VI.

"Though my woes of hope bereft me,
  Did my sore heart break?
No! I lived—*that* bliss was left me—
  For *thy* bairnie's sake!

VII.

"Fast my soul is fleeting homeward
  From this weary strife—
By the babe that calls ye FATHER—
  By my ruined life—
Let the stone among the daisies
  Bear the name of WIFE!

VIII.

"Bring the priest and wed me, Gordon,
  If ye love me still!"
See, his proud, wild heart is heaving
  With a softer thrill;
With a pang he kiss'd her white lips—
  "By Christ's love I will!"

* * * * * * *

IX.

When the clans swept down to battle
  On Culloden's day,
Gallant Gordon bravely perish'd,
  Foremost in the fray:
With his tartan pierced and bloody,
  On the muir he lay.

X.

Effie and her babe are resting
  From this weary strife,
And the stone among the daisies
  Bears the name of WIFE.
She hath sinned, and she hath suffered—
  Christ absolve her life.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

WE reproduce on page 660 a picture by our special artist, Mr. Mosler, representing THE ENTRY OF BUELL'S ARMY INTO LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY; on page 661 another picture, also by Mr. Mosler, showing the MOVEMENT OF VETERANS ON THE OHIO; and on the same page a sketch by Mr. Hübner, representing SHELBYVILLE, the only Union town in Tennessee.

Buell entered Louisville on September 25. The *Herald* correspondent, writing on that day, said:

I have to announce the junction of the main portion of the United States forces under General Buell, and the army under General Nelson, assembled for the immediate defense of this city. The advance of General Buell reached the city to-day, and is going into temporary camp on the eastern limits of the town. The advance consisted of General Crittenden's division. It is followed by those of M'Cook, Smith (formerly Ammen's), and Wood. General Buell reached here during last night, and will to-day assume the command of all the forces in the vicinity. A new organization of the two armies into one will doubtless ensue.

Speaking of Buell's rapid march from Green River, the same writer says:

The march from Green River has been made in the rear of Bragg, and battle has been several times offered him, but we have had no response. The whole march has had the appearance of a rapid retreat on the part of Bragg, but General Buell, as if designing to push him as far North as possible, has pursued slowly. The theory of an officer on General Crittenden's staff, with whom I have conversed is, that Bragg has been retreating ever since he reached Glasgow and made an attack on Munfordsville. Failing in his first attempt, the rebel moved up in force and took the position to find that Buell was in line of battle in his rear on Thursday morning. Too late to fall back to Glasgow, Bragg hastily moved forward to Elizabethtown, and, on Thursday night, made a forced march, evacuating Munfordsville in such haste that he did not destroy the railroad bridge at that point. General Buell did not discover this until next morning, when he immediately moved forward. Thomas's corps—Rousseau and Schœpff—by the Glasgow and Bardstown road, and Wood, M'Cook, Crittenden, and Ammen (now Smith), by the road to Elizabethtown.

Colonel Edward M'Cook, Second Indiana cavalry, had the advance of the main column in Bragg's rear. He began to feel Bragg at Bacon Creek, and skirmished with him for three days. Major William H. Polk, volunteer aid on General Crittenden's staff, describes this skirmishing on the part of Colonel M'Cook as exceedingly skillful and successful. He moved with rapidity, and was every where at the same time. He boldly attacked the rebel flanks, and made gallant dashes and charges upon the retreating column. Colonel M'Cook and his men were in the saddle night and day, and harassed the enemy most terribly. He killed a large number, and has brought in over seven hundred prisoners. He states that among the rebels killed in skirmishing with Bragg's rear were Colonel Forsyth, formerly editor of the Mobile *Register*, and on Bragg's staff; Major Wicks, of Hardee's staff; Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, in command of Bragg's rear-guard, and two captains. Among the prisoners are several majors and two captains. The privates, in many instances, were stragglers, but many were taken in actual skirmish. Colonel Edward M'Cook is a member of the M'Cook family. It is not ridiculous or obscure language I use when I say he is a son of old M'Cook, for the name is historical, and the old man and all his sons have made their mark in this war.

The picture on page 661 needs no description. As soon as it was known that the rebel armies were moving northward through Kentucky portions of our veterans were quietly sent north, on transports up the Mississippi and the Ohio, and distributed among the new levies at Louisville and Cincinnati. These are the troops who fought at Fort Donelson and Shiloh. Their arrival and their thoroughly soldierly aspect gave heart and hope to the frightened denizens of those cities.

Of Mr. Hübner's picture of Shelbyville the artist says: "Shelbyville is the county seat of Bedford County, in Middle Tennessee. It is not only noted for its beauty, but for the loyalty of its inhabitants. Shelbyville stands alone in the rebel States true to the Union. To the Federal soldier, on his march through the rebellious States, Shelbyville is like an oasis to a traveler in a great desert. Your correspondent had the pleasure of entering Shelbyville with the advance-guard of General Mitchell's division, it being the first to penetrate Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama. The citizens shouted for joy at the sight of the columns of Union men. Flags were waved from the principal public buildings and most of the private residences. Unlike most portions of the South, the wealthiest and most influential persons of the town are loyal. The accompanying sketch represents the Stars and Stripes waving from a pole erected in the public square by the citizens, and although the place is not at present occupied by Union troops, the national banner still waves in defiance of the threats of rebellious citizens and guerrillas of the State. The names of such men as Wisener, Warren, and others deserve to be perpetuated in history for their unyielding fidelity to the great republic. Their sacrificing spirit should nerve up the loyal men of the North, and be an example to the weak-kneed Union men of the South.

"The kind hospitality of the citizens of Shelbyville will never be forgotten by the Union soldier whose good fortune it has been to enter the place."

THE PRIZE FLEET.

THE illustration of the Prize Fleet, which we publish on page 668, by no means includes all the steamers captured by our naval forces, but only refers to those at present in our harbor.

The largest of the fleet is the CIRCASSIAN, formerly one of the Galway line of steamers. She is about 2300 tons, and is a very fast and stanch vessel. She was captured in the Gulf, with an assorted cargo on board, bound for rebeldom. She is at present at the Navy-yard, where she will be put in order for the purpose, it is said, of carrying out the first colored emigrants to Chiriqui.

Next in size is the MEMPHIS, also a British-built steamer, which was captured off Charleston on the 21st of July, 1862, by the *Magnolia*, formerly a rebel steamer. The *Memphis* was libeled August 8, and purchased by the Navy Department for a cruiser. She is at the Navy-yard, and is a splendid specimen of naval architecture.

The STETTIN is also at the Navy-yard, to be fitted for naval service. She was captured on the 24th of May, 1862, off the coast of South Carolina, by the *Bienville*. She was loaded with munitions of war in great abundance.

The ELIZABETH, a wooden vessel, has borne at least half a dozen names, among the number that of the *General Miramon*. She was captured, with a full cargo of war materials, on the 27th of May, by the steamer *Keystone State*.

The PATRAS was captured near Bull's Bay, South Carolina, on the 27th of May, by the *Bienville*, and was libeled April 21. Her cargo consisted of hardware, quinine, powder, arms, lead, etc.

The TUBAL CAIN was captured at sea on the 24th of July, by Commander D. D. Porter, in the *Octorora*. She was loaded with arms and munitions of war.

The ANN was captured on the 17th of July, by the *Susquehanna*, *Kanawha*, and *Preble*. She had a large cargo of powder, and some arms and medicines.

The ELLA WARLY, formerly the *Isabel* of Charleston, was captured on the 24th of April, by the *St. Jago de Cuba*, and was libeled June 4, 1862. Her cargo consisted of arms, skins, copper, paper, cigars, and powder.

The ship ALLIANCE was captured by the army under General Burnside at Morehead city, North Carolina, May 12, 1862, when she was awaiting an opportunity to run the blockade. Her cargo consisted of rosin, turpentine, and pitch. She was turned over to Captain Lockwood, senior naval officer in command.

A large fleet of sailing vessels are now in the harbor awaiting the action of the United States Marshal.

Our neutral friend John Bull has unwillingly contributed somewhat to the increase of our navy.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

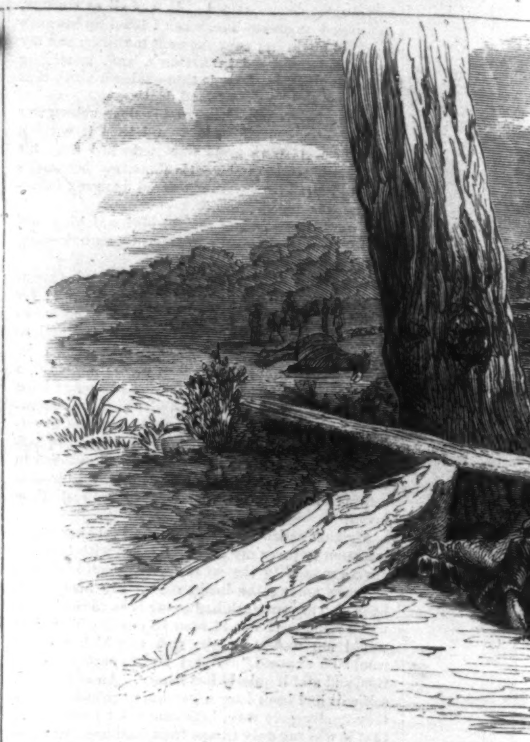
WE reproduce on pages 664 and 665 a number of photographs of the Battle of Antietam, taken by the well-known and enterprising photographer, Mr. M. B. Brady, of this city. The following description of these wonderfully lifelike pictures is from one who knew the ground:

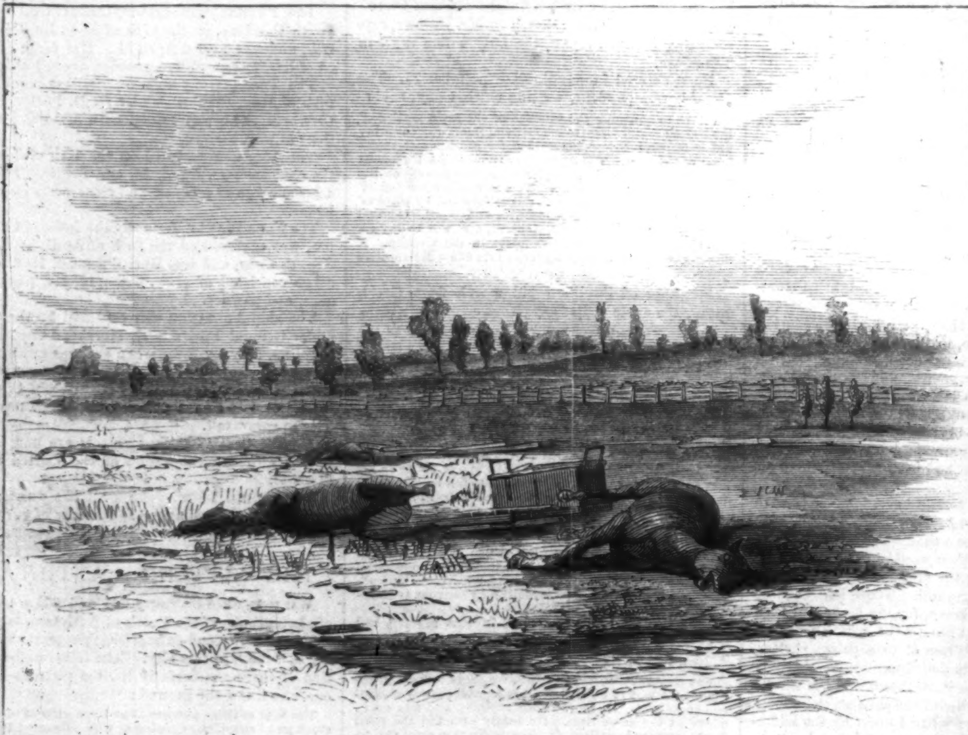
The first of these pictures—the large view of Antietam creek and bridge, the crossing of which General Burnside effected at such a fearful sacrifice of life—exhibits little or no traces of the conflict. The spot is just as lovely and tranquil as when last we visited it. Artistically speaking, the picture is one of the most beautiful and perfect photograph landscapes that we have seen. The tone is clear and firm, but soft, and every object is brought out with remarkable distinctness. Next to it is a smaller photograph, some seven inches square, which tells a tale of desperate contention. Traversing it is seen a high rail fence, in the fore-ground of which are a number of dead bodies grouped in every imaginal position, the stiffened limbs preserving the same attitude as that maintained by the sufferers in their last agonies. Minute as are the features of the dead, and unrecognizable by the naked eye, you can, by bringing a magnifying glass to bear on them, identify not merely their general outline, but actual expression. This, in many instances, is perfectly horrible, and shows through what tortures the poor victims must have passed before they were relieved from their sufferings.

Another photograph exhibits a deep trench or gully, one side of which had been protected by a strong fence, the rails of which are seen scattered about. Lying transversely in its depths, where they have evidently fallen in attempting to cross, are piles of rebel dead, many of them shoeless and in rags. On the left bank are a number of persons examining the spot with curious interest, visitors probably from some of the Northern cities.

A poetic and melancholy interest attaches to the next scene that we come to. There is such a dash of sentiment in it that it looks more like an artistic composition than the reproduction of an actuality. A new-made grave occupies the centre of the picture, a small head and foot board, the former with lettering, defining its limits. Doubled up near it, with the features almost distinguishable, is the body of a little drummer-boy who was probably shot down on the spot. How it happens that it should have been left uninterred, while the last honors were paid to one of his comrades, we are unable to explain. Gazing on the body, with a pitying interest, stands in civilian's attire one of those seedy, shiftless-looking beings, the first glance at whom detects an ill-spent career and hopeless future. It is some time, perhaps, since that blunted nature has been moved by such deep emotion as it betrays at this mournful sight.

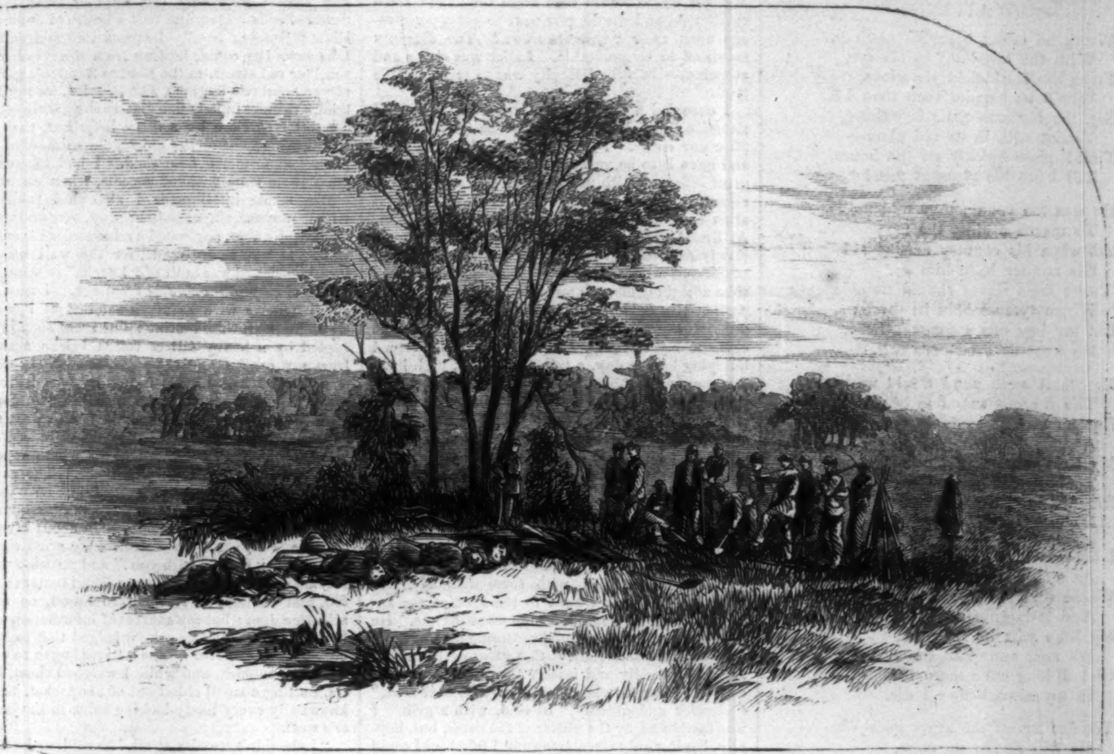
We now pass on to a scene of suffering of another character, where, under tents, improvised by blankets stretched on fence-rails, we see the wounded receiving the attentions of the medical staff. Next to it is a bleak landscape, on which the shadows of evening are rapidly falling, revealing, in its dim light, a singular spectacle. It is that of a row of dead bodies, stretching into the distance, in the form of an obtuse angle, and so mathematically regular that it looks as if a whole regiment were swept down in the act of performing some military evolution. Here and there are beautiful stretches of pastoral scenery, disfigured by the evidences of strife, either in the form of broken caissons, dead horses, or piles of human corpses. In one place a farm-house offers visible marks of the hot fire of which it was the centre, the walls being battered in and the lintels of the windows and doors broken.

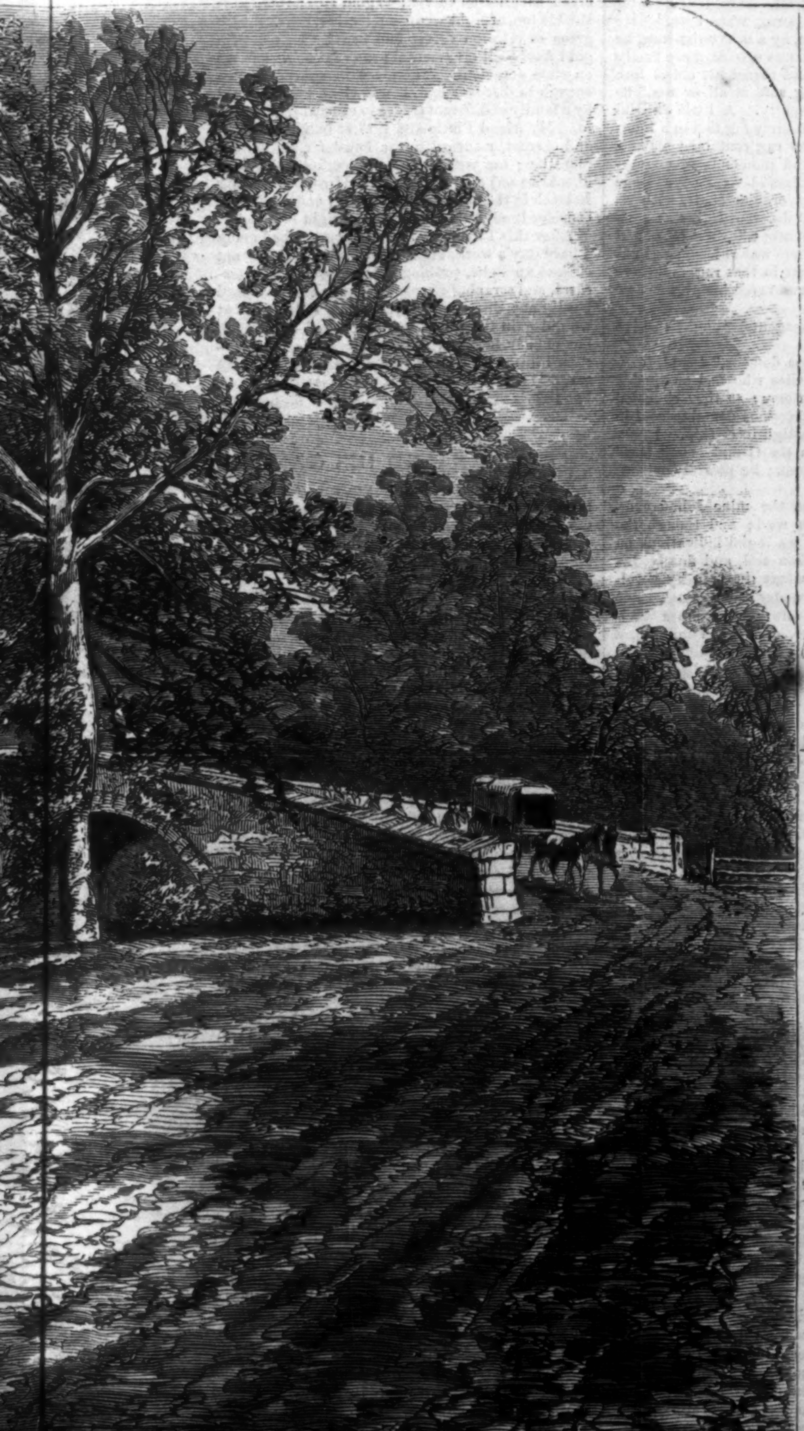




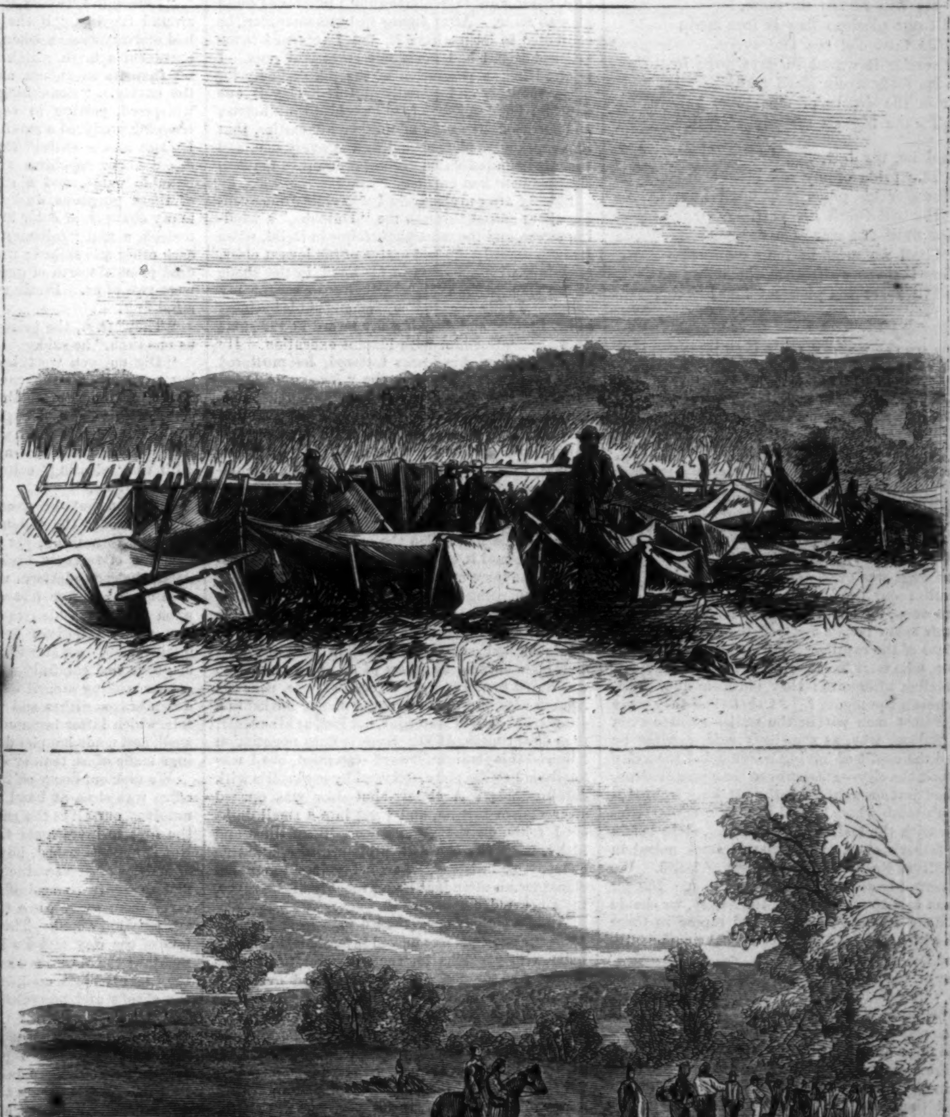
The Stone Bridg

SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM.





e Bridge.



TAM.—From Photographs by Mr. M. B. Brady.—[See Page 663.]

WAITING.

When he comes back, all glorious,
With the love-light in his eye,
From the battle-field victorious,
Who'll be happier then than I!
See, the big arm-chair is waiting,
Vacant still, in its old place—
Time! press quickly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

He was too young, they told me,
To march against the foe;
Yet when his country needed aid
His mother bade him go!
'Twere meet slaves should tremble
Whom tyrants hold in thrall;
But my boy was a freeman born,
He went at Freedom's call.

My small weak hand would waver
The shortest sword to bear;
But he stands steady in the ranks,
And holds his musket there.
My faint heart would falter
The battle-ground to see;
But his is strong in Freedom's might,
He fights for her and me.

I am watching and waiting,
As mothers watch and wait
Whose sons are in the army now,
And it is growing late;
My life's past its morning,
It's near sunset in the sky—
Oh! I long once more to clasp him
In my arms before I die.

Yet farther off the army goes—
He will return no more,
Till our glorious flag is free again
To float o'er sea and shore.
Where'er it waved in days gone by,
Its folds again shall rest,
From the depths of the lowest valleys
To the highest mountain crest.

And he, my boy, my darling,
The pride of my old heart!
Where'er his place may be, I know
He will fulfill his part.
Not until the war is over
Shall we meet in fond embrace—
Time! press swiftly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

HOW THE ENGLISH PLUNDERED DELHI, IN 1857.

[The October number of *Harper's Magazine* contained an article giving some account of the atrocities perpetrated by the English in the suppression of the Sepoy "Rebellion." The London *Cornhill Magazine* for the same month contains an account of the Plunder of Delhi, which we reproduce with slight curtailment. It is a personal narrative of the proceedings of a single individual, and similar scenes were taking place all over the city. Imagine the execration that would be heard all over England could one of our officers at New Orleans or Nashville give a similar detail of his proceedings in either of those cities.—Ed. Harper's Weekly.]

The siege was over. We were safe within the red walls; our dead were buried. We had not time to weep, for Delhi was to be looted, and *hodie mihi* was every body's motto. Before the assault, confident of the result, we had elected prize-agents by vote, who were to see fair play, collect the spoil, and realize afterward; they did *their* duty well, but where's the money? At that time they were the greatest men within the walls—greater even than Wilson, who, as somebody said, can not be refused the credit of having commanded the army that took the city—greater even than poor Hodson, who had just brought back the old king from Humayou's tomb where he had fled for sanctuary, together with the bodies of the princes, slain before their father's eyes, to be exposed stark naked in the "Silver Road," the main street of Delhi. We were certainly savage in our wrath then. But for the man laid the other day in the Abbey, we should have done deeds of massacre and rapine in those times which England never could have sufficiently atoned for.

The prize-agents soon discovered that there was little valuable treasure overground; the jewelers, the workers in the precious metals (for whom Delhi is famous), the Cashmere fabric and silk merchants, the bankers and money-changers, had, months before the assault, when the sepoys first seized the city in the name of the Moghul, either hidden or buried their wealth; for they trusted their own countrymen not at all. In the panic flight of the inhabitants upon our getting in, they left their treasures behind them, hoping that they would not be discovered, and intending to return when things had become settled; for they wisely suspected that the English conquerors would at first take little trouble to distinguish between friends and foes. All did, in fact, shortly return, and many influential bankers and merchants were permitted, on proving their loyalty, to redeem their tenements and property, but all movables that could be laid hands on were prize. We were not at all scrupulous; we wanted to tear the gilt copper-sheeting off the domes of the mosques and temples, and add it to the prize heap; but John Lawrence, the now neglected saviour of India (he saved India *for* us, Earl Canning saved its inhabitants *from* us), put in a veto, and the sacrilege (from a native point of view) was not committed. It was decided that the wealth of Delhi should be digged out of the bowels of the by no means innocent city; and, as in Australia, the prize-agents conferred licenses on officers, in whose integrity they trusted (I, my friend, was one), to dig for treasure in their behalf. All property discovered was to be brought to the prize-office, in one of the chief streets, a place to describe which would take more time than I can spare now, and the diggers were to get a per-centage upon their "treasure-trove." The diggings promised to be profitable. Labor was cheap and abundant—the only difficulty was to scent out the spoil.

I occupied a large native house in "a central situation," which I had taken possession of shortly after our entry. I planted "touts" at the door, and gave it to be understood that I was a man of great influence with the Government, and of large resources, who was ready to pay liberally for information as to the whereabouts of buried valuables. At first I did not prosper; the inhabitants were slowly returning to their dwellings, trembling and suspicious, more anxious just then about their necks than any thing else. Our troops, white and black, particularly the latter, were busy looking for plunder. However, after many days' waiting, a change came in my fortunes. As I watched the crowd hurrying by one day, a tall gaunt Sikh, with hungry eyes and troubled air, made me a sign. I hurried out at once. He walked aside from the main stream of pedestrians, camels, and bullock-carts, and inquired whether my Highness-ship would make him a promise of secrecy. On my eagerly assenting, he told me that he had a piece of jewelry to sell, and that the price was one thousand rupees cash; he added, further, that if I wished to deal, I must bring the money that evening to a place he named without the Cashmere gate, on the cantonment road, where he promised to meet me.

I scraped together, with some difficulty, five hundred rupees, and went to the spot at the appointed hour. I found the Sikh awaiting me. He produced a frontlet, or forehead-ornament, of large emeralds and diamonds, with a great central ruby, all most clumsily and loosely fixed together. He declined to say how he came by it. "*Loot be-shuk*," "plunder undoubtedly," he said, with a grin. I was fascinated by the glitter of the gems, but, happily, having only the above sum, I told him I could give no more. After demur and remonstrance, he consented to let me have it, and I returned home satisfied that I had made one successful *coup*. I rejoiced in the possession of the Sikh's booty for many months, and proudly did I display it one day to a London jeweler, to be told, to my horror, and to the destruction of mighty air-castles, that the stones were pierced and flawed every one, and that their united value did not amount to the sum the ornament had cost me.

Shortly after my bargain I was riding one evening about sunset through the "Dureeba," a winding street, and the most picturesque in Delhi, when I saw a scantily-dressed native of the lowest class, skulking, with a bundle in his hand, in the shade of the shop-roofs, evidently trying to escape my notice. I rode over to him, demanded his business in loud tones, and drawing my sword at the same time threatened him with instant execution. He became sallow, his knees tottered, he muttered some indistinct prayer for the "*Kumpanee Bahadoor ke kawa*"—"Mercy from the omnipotent Company," and fled, leaving his bundle behind him. I took it to my house, and found, tied up in a singularly unclean cloth, a piece of Cashmere silk embroidery, worth at least £20 in England, a handful or two of parched pease, a ball of tobacco prepared for the "chillum," a lot of cowries or shell-money, and three annas four pie in copper. It was clear that he had stolen the only valuable article in the list, and it was equally clear that it had become mine more or less lawfully.

Next morning (it never rains but it pours) I received a confidential communication from my table servant, as he stood by my bedside, tea-cup in hand; he had met an old friend in the vegetable-market, who said he knew of an old woman who was heard to say that, in a certain house, near the Ajmere gate, there was a sum of money buried in a ghurra, or earthen water-jar, not less, at all events, than 6000 rupees, £600. Some tedious negotiation followed this straightforward statement, but I was finally led to the place, followed by my coolies with digging-tools. A closely-shut door was opened after violent threats, and I got into a small darkened room on the ground-floor, ill-smelling and filthy, with but one article of furniture, a native charpoy, or bedstead, whereon lay an old man, declared by an attendant hag, probably his betrayer, to be bedridden and very ill.

Amidst shrieks of pretended pain from its occupant, the bedstead was moved to one side, in accordance with previous instructions, and the coolies commenced to dig. The ground had evidently been disturbed not long before, and soon a clink, as of metal against pottery, was heard, and the ghurra was lifted out, with a cloth tied over the top—not without some difficulty, as it was of the largest size made. My clumsy assistants managed to break the vessel in setting it down, and amidst triumphant shouts from all the spectators except the old man, who shrieked feeble prayers for pity to the "sirkar," or Government, as represented by me on the occasion, a stream of silver gushed from the interior. Denouncing my workers as the offspring of swine, fit only for Jehennam, and not for the service of a "Protector of the Poor," and "Cherisher of the Oppressed," such as I, I ordered one of them to divest himself of his only garment (some yards of coarse cotton stuff, wound first round the waist, and then round the semi-shaven scalp). We tied our ghurra up in this, swung it on a strong bamboo, and carried it off. The value I found to be very nearly equal to the sum promised, all in rupee and eight anna pieces.

My next take was a noble one—the *spolia opima* of looting; it struck me that it would be a good plan to try the earth in the vicinity of the jewelers' shops, or, rather, where the jewelers had lived before the siege. I knew Delhi pretty well in former times, and the *habitat* of the different merchants of note. At gun-fire, one fine morning in October (delightful the early morning in the beginning of the cold weather in the northwest is), I set forth, attended by my six coolies, with the Hindoo equivalents of spades, shovels, and picks on their shoulders, taking with me the *Overland Mail*, a cheroot-box stuffed with very fair number twos, half a dozen of soda-water, and half a bottle of John Exshaw "Number one." I struck into a circuitous lane near the canal, leading from the "Loll Surrak," or red street, to the Begum Sumroo's garden (Dyce Sombre's Begum), and selected, for my first trial, a ruinous buffalo-dairyman's shed, which stood (or tottered) close by a dirty little hut, then deserted, where one of the chief gold-workers of the place had formerly flourished. I had excavated for a little time without success, when an acute coolie, whose intelligence I afterward rewarded with four annas, sixpence-halfpenny, over and above his lawful wages, suggested a mine under the party-wall. It was easily made, for the wall had no foundation, and was built of "kuccha" or sun-dried bricks of clay, quite friable from age. I read the English news with as much interest as I could, while my men were rooting; but I was soon interrupted by a heavy fall of rotten bricks, a shout from my coolies, and the apparition on the other side of the tumbled wall of my jolly friend Pintle, of the Royal Bengal fire-workers, mattock in hand, with his great red cheeks covered with dust and sudor, his "khakee" tunic dirt-colored indeed and wet through with perspiration, his whole appearance like a navvy's in a solah topee. The rascal was a licensed digger like myself, but he worked alone, on principle; and there were, in consequence, even uglier stories about him than about myself, and that's saying a good deal. We cried simultaneously, "Halves with you!" and struck a partnership on the spot. He knew Delhi better than I did, and worked, as I afterward found, on more scientific data; but my sources of information were better than his, and he acknowledged that solitary digging was an error. The natives began to clear away the rubbish, and while I watched them, Pintle, pulling a small chisel out of his pocket, tested knowingly every likely-looking brick in the jeweler's wall.

"I shouldn't wonder at all," he said, as he went around tapping, "if the swag were here." He had scarcely spoken when, by a neat wrist-turn, he extracted a brick which was a trifle more firmly set than its neighbors, and thrust his chisel into the cavity. "Something soft at all events," he whispered, peering in eagerly. A little skillful scooping produced a small dirty rag tied in a knot. I "lent him a knife:" the rag contained about a dozen uncut sapphires and diamonds of unquestionable value, and a splendid "cat's-eye"—one of those gorgeous dusky orange opals, with as many changes of color in different lights as a cameleon, a real "talisman stone." We looked at each other and sighed; there was at least two hundred pounds' worth of gems in that rag, and there were two of us. Pintle recovered his presence of mind first.

"They" (*i. e.*, the prize-agents) "ought to give us one each," he said.

"Dig on, you worthless demons," I said, turning savagely on the coolies who had suspended *their* operations to watch *ours*: so they shoveled away with vehement expressions denoting zeal in the service of my High Mightiness-ship. I may have wished Pintle down the Grand Trunk Road with the "clearing" column; he possibly wished me in Jericho.

We soon got down on the mine I had commenced under the fallen wall; and though the mine led to nothing, yet we found indications on one side of recently broken soil, and finally, beneath the rude platform where the unlucky jeweler used to sit, five feet under the ground, came upon the rest of his treasure: viz., a brass betel-box such as natives use, called a Paun-dan, a quaint ebony casket with joinings of silver, a bale of goods tied carefully in gunny, a "degchee" or copper cooking utensil with a loose lid, and half a dozen brazen dishes and "lotas," or drinking vessels, which latter became our coolies' share of the spoil, and made happier dogs of them than our findings made of us, then or since.

We took our booty off to my quarters; the prize-office was close at hand to be sure, yet we could not deny ourselves the small gratification of being the first to investigate the products of the lode. But it may be asked, how was it that the owners of articles of great value such as gems, so portable and so easily concealable on the person, did not carry them away when they fled? This question is easily answered. The sepoys were really masters of the city and its inhabitants for four clear months; the old king was but nominally supreme: they levied black-mail, in money and kind, from the shroffs and bunyahs, the bankers, tradesfolk, and food-sellers, during that time without mercy. If any who were known to be possessed of means pleaded poverty, the sepoys, under no restraint, searched their houses and their persons, and even beat and tortured them to force them to disgorge. Circumstantial diaries of the events within the walls during the siege were kept by more than one native of the place, which were afterward translated and published in India, and in which were recorded instances after instances of this: the consequence was, that the jewelers and merchants had no resource from the first but to conceal their goods as artfully as they could, and the valuables the Delhi diggers exhumed were originally buried, in order that they might not fall into the hands of the mutineers.

The haul was a grand one that morning. The betel-box was full of gems in all stages of preparation for setting—rubies, onyxes, jaspers, pearls of some price, topazes, gold stones, and pebbles of minor value, such as abound in all the shops of the Delhi jewelers. The copper cooking utensil contained our poor friend's working tools (clumsy they looked, but marvelous is the work native goldsmiths turn out with them), and studs, bracelets, and brooches in gold and silver filigree, of native and English pattern, some of the former very tasteful: there were also gold and silver chains half finished, lumps of unworked precious metal, semi-moulded armlets, nose, ear, and ankle ornaments for native ladies, a few gold mohurs and other coins, in that battered-looking skillet.

The ebony casket we were rather disappointed in. We had some trouble in bursting the lock, to find only an old Koran, illuminated and richly bound to be sure, but then entirely out of proportion as to value we thought. It fetched a high price at the prize sale, for there are book maniacs even in India who are as particular about bits of Arabic scroll and the curves of the reversed caligraphy of the Eastern reed as their brethren at home are about Aldine imprimature and impossible black letter. One enthusiastic gentleman got hold of a piece of goods in the Jumma Musjid, silk or cotton, written all over with sacred sayings from the Koran: this he pronounced to be nothing less than the shirt of the Prophet, and advertised it for sale in the Delhi *Gazette* at the low figure of five thousand rupees. I did not hear the name of the purchaser. Our eager hands and knives made short work of the outer covering of the bale. Its contents filled us with admiration: purdahs or door-hangings of crimson velvet, four yards long and nearly half as wide, with cords and tassels of gold lace and double bullion, the whole stiffly embroidered with gold in arabesque patterns—quite new, and evidently made to order for some shrine: they had suffered somewhat from the damp of the hiding-place, but were still very gorgeous. There were shawls, and waistbands, and turbans, beautifully embroidered with the highly-dyed silk for which Delhi is famous—chogas or mantles from Cashmere, of the exquisitely fine Pushmeena fabric, with deep selvages of gold-lace work, or needle-made shawl-pattern of the brilliant colors, which, it is said, no dyes can produce save those mixed with the water of the rushing Jhelum. Then there were daggers and stilettoes of strange shapes, made of blue wave-lined steel from the country west of Cabool, the qualities of the metal, and the name and residence of its artificer cut upon the blades in beautiful Persian characters, the handles inlaid with gold and ivory, the sheaths and scabbards of soft wood covered with crimson velvet and gold lace; there were shields too, of light wood and leather, covered with green or crimson velvet and heavily bossed with gold work—all ornamental armor for noble natives on state occasions. The place we were fortunate enough to discover had, it was clear, been selected by a family of different trades to conceal their stocks in. My friend Pintle and I, after bath, breakfast, and cheroot, returned to the house for further exploration; but we found two Ghoorkas (with their khookries on) and a particularly ferocious-looking Belooch in the pit, scraping briskly, and we did not consider it advisable to claim our right of priority.

After this I made no mighty *coup*. I had many a hard day's work, and so had Pintle, clearing out choked-up wells, probing sewers, stripping staircases, and scraping off room-plaster; but we gained hardly any thing to recompense our toils: all that we did gain the prize-agents got, and so we said, but nobody believed us. Afterward, at the auction, Pintle and I purchased a few little things we admired; our friends said it was a clever "dodge," but that it didn't take *them* in.

DUGGAN AND HIS GANG.

Though it is now sixty years ago, there are travelers yet alive who, going by stage-coach from Cork to Tralee, have seen the eight skulls that were stuck on spikes on the roof of the market-house in the town of Macroom, in the barony of Muskerry.

People did not like to talk about the skulls. When questioned, the country people said "they were the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson;" but no more could be got out of them. The skulls were a source of disgust and horror to the inhabitants of Macroom, and to all the country round. They had not been subjected to any previous process, as was usually the case with the horrible remains of traitors' heads and members, ordered to be exposed. These heads had been put over the market-house at Macroom just as they were struck from the bodies to which they belonged.

Above one of the heads there was nailed a hand, severed at the wrist, and the sight of the half-bleached skulls was hideous. They cowed the people, and struck more fear of the law into their hearts than as many regiments of dragoons. That part of the country, for many years after the event that gave rise to this spectacle, was the most peaceable district in Ireland. The fate of the "murderers of Mr. Hutchinson" was a very effective terror to evil-doers. But who were they? and what was the story? Here it is: for though people would not tell it, it is on record in the criminal trials.

Mr. Hutchinson was an amiable and worthy man, who lived at a house called Codrum, about a mile out of the market-town of Macroom. It stood in its own plantation, on a rising ground, with a lawn before it, dotted with ornamental trees, and adorned with fair beds of flowers. Colonel Hutchinson was a man of property; he belonged to what was called a "new family," but he was much respected by the neighboring gentry; the poor people were fond of him, for he was an excellent and charitable man.

One morning, early in the summer of the year 1800, the neighborhood was thrown into commotion by the report that Colonel Hutchinson had been murdered in the night. Some laborers passing to their work saw the large kitchen window, in the front of the house, completely smashed. Going up to learn what had happened, they found the shutter broken in, the front door open, and the body of Colonel Hutchinson lying dead and stiff at the foot of the stairs, with a wound through his heart. Shot dead, as was supposed.

None of the inmates could give any account of the matter. Miss Hutchinson could only say that she had been awakened by the noise of the kitchen window being smashed in, and the sound of several persons rushing into the house. In her fright she left her bed and hid behind a large press, up stairs in a garret, and had not ventured out till long after all was quiet. Reen, the man-servant, stammered and looked exceedingly guilty, but could give no

information. All the neighboring gentry belonged to the yeomanry corps—Catholics as well as Protestants—and they bound themselves by an oath not to rest until the murderers were discovered.

A reward of three hundred pounds was offered for any information that could lead to their detection. One remarkable thing was, that although a handsome looking-glass had been broken, and some furniture pulled about, nothing had been stolen. Suspicion at last fell on a man named Malachi Duggan. He was a farmer of the better class; superior to the common peasantry in education and intelligence, as well as in position. He bore, however, a very bad character. In appearance he was the type of a ruffian; of gigantic stature, and strong in proportion; his countenance was brutal and ferocious, with a dash of cunning which made it more repulsive; oddly enough, he was in great request in the neighborhood as a juryman! People who had a cause in court used to bribe him to be on the jury, and if he were satisfied with the amount, he, possibly, also bribed the summoning officer. He then always either tired out, or bullied, or over-persuaded, his fellow-jurors. When the officers went to his house, accompanied by several magistrates, they found him at home. He made no attempt to escape, but treated the charge lightly. One of the magistrates advised him to give orders about his farm, as he would be away a long time.

"Sure, it will not be more than a couple of days at the furthest," said he.

"It will be more than two days, or two weeks, or two years," said the magistrate.

Malachi shrugged his shoulders, ordered his nag to be saddled, and he cut a long willow switch for the purpose of urging on his horse. He did not seem to attend to any thing passing round him, but rode on in silence, with the end of this rod in his mouth. He continued to bite it, and when he and his escort arrived at Macroom, a distance of only three miles, the willow switch was bitten to within an inch of the end. He had been considering. He offered to turn informer if he might be assured of the three hundred pounds offered for reward. His offer was accepted, and Malachi Duggan stated that on the night in question fourteen men, under his orders, assembled, and went in a body to attack Codrum, with the intention of plundering whatever they could carry off, but without any design to harm Colonel Hutchinson. Colonel Hutchinson was sitting up reading as usual, and, on hearing the noise of the window smashed and the shutter broken in, he immediately came down stairs to see what was the matter. He found the hall filled with men, some of whom were armed; among them he saw his own game-keeper, named M'Carthy, and incautiously exclaimed:

"Are *you* here, M'Carthy?"

Malachi Duggan, the captain of the gang, at once called out:

"M'Carthy, do your duty!"

The game-keeper raised his gun and fired. Colonel Hutchinson fell dead. The sight of his dead body struck them with panic, and they hastily left the house, taking nothing with them. Malachi Duggan gave the names of all the men who had been with him. The magistrates and gentry immediately began a strict search, but the criminals, as soon as it was rumored that Malachi had turned informer, took to the hills and concealed themselves—all the country people, of course, assisting and aiding them. The County of Cork was at that period under martial law, and the Cork yeomanry were a formidable body. They were determined that the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson should not escape, and they hunted down all the peasants suspected of giving them shelter. One day they were on the track of some of the murderers; but the inhabitants of a mountain hamlet had aided their escape. Prompt measures were taken on the spot. The cabins were searched; every article of furniture was dragged out, piled in a heap, and then set on fire—the wretched owners standing round, not daring to say a word. One of the soldiers, separated from the ranks, searching an out-house, found a feather-bed carefully concealed. He was dragging this poor bed to share the fate of the rest, when the captain, a man of humanity, cried out:

"No, gentlemen, these wretched people have suffered enough; let us leave them at least this bed."

As he spoke, a ball whizzed past, grazing his ear. Turning round, a puff of white smoke was seen over the brow of a hill behind them. Immediately he and two other gentlemen galloped to the spot, feeling sure they had come upon the criminals. They, however, found only two peasants, who had no connection with Duggan or his gang. They belonged to the village, and, exasperated at seeing the destruction of their goods, had fired the shot. They were immediately seized, and dragged to the prison of Macroom. They were tried, not for firing on the yeomanry, but for helping and hiding the murderers, and they were condemned to be transported. Their trial and sentence made a great sensation. When they were on board the hulks, all their relations and friends came in a body to the court-house, and offered, if these two men were restored to their families, that the whole country should join to hunt down the murderers and give them up to justice. After some consideration this offer was accepted.

The men were pardoned, sent back to their homes, and the people of the county began to keep their word. The murderers now led the lives of hunted wolves, and endured fearful hardships. Winter was approaching, and they did not dare to enter a cabin; every one was against them. Two contrived to escape to America; but the others wandered about among the mountains of Glenfesk, hiding under rocks, not daring to kindle a fire. At length the people pretended to become friendly to them: some villagers invited them to come to a supper in a barn, where they declared they would be safe. The men, more than half-famished, came down from the mountains, but refused to enter any building lest they should be surprised; they sat down on the ground and began to eat voraciously. The peasants fell upon them, disarmed them, and gave them up to justice. The trial came on. Malachi Duggan swore to them all, gave a circumstantial account of the murder, and seemed utterly callous to his own infamy. One of the men was his own cousin, named John Duggan, a stone-mason. This man was not destitute of the family cunning; he declared that Colonel Hutchinson had not been shot at all; that if the body could be seen, it would be found that the wound had been made by a sharp instrument, and that the end of his chisel would fit the wound; therefore all that Malachi swore about discharging the gun was a lie. This circumstantial statement rather shook the jury. The body was disinterred and examined. Three bullets and a brace of slugs were found behind the heart. This at once settled the matter. The prisoners were all sentenced to be hanged, and their heads to be exposed on spikes round the market-house—M'Carthy, the game-keeper, as the man who fired the shot, was to have his hand struck off and affixed above his head.

The prisoners were to be executed at Macroom, and they were conveyed from Cork in an open cart: the hangman—a hideous person—clothed for the occasion in bright green, with a belt on which was printed, in large letters, "Erin go Bragh"—to show what Erin go Bragh principles led to.

The priests were removed from the criminals when they had performed about half the journey, in order that the people, seeing them die without the consolation of religion, might be struck with greater awe. One of the criminals was quite a young boy, cousin to the game-keeper. He protested he was innocent, and that the worst thing he had ever done was stealing some hens' eggs from his mother. It was the general impression that he *was* innocent, but that Duggan had sworn against him, in order not to leave one of the family alive, who might take revenge upon him. When the cart and the wretched men arrived at a grove of trees at the entrance of Macroom, they were halted. A beam was laid between two trees, and two of the men were hanged, one at each end: their companions looking on, and the people standing by in silence. When all had suffered, the hangman proceeded to carry out the remainder of the sentence, though even his callous feelings revolted against it, and he required copious draughts of whisky to carry him through it. The sight of eight heads struck a great deal more terror into the people than the execution.

As for Malachi Duggan, the captain of the gang and treacherous informer, he received the three hundred pounds promised, and returned to his farm. The neighboring gentry endeavored to countenance him, but he was quite brutalized, and had no feelings of shame. The first day on which he appeared in Macroom he looked up to the heads and said, "Ho! ho! some of my soldiers are up there, set in array. It is the best place for the rascals."

He survived the trial many years, and died in his bed at last; but his memory is held, even yet, in the deepest execration in that part of the country. Of this there was a curious instance not more than twelve or fourteen years ago. A gentleman living in the neighborhood, some distance from Cork, had several servants. One of them was a very nice young girl, named Duggan, a far away cousin of the horrible Malachi. There was a dispute about some trifling matter, and one of the other servants said to Duggan, "We shall really, miss, be obliged to call you Malachi." The poor girl did not answer a word, but that very evening left her place and set off to walk home to Cork, a distance of five-and-twenty miles, so disgraceful was the imputation of belonging ever remotely to the treacherous informer.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S STORY.

"My father was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him when they were about to sail, or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas.

"One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honorable. He had been in the royal navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world.

"But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least, he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me HE was coming.

"One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself; but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said, 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours while this world stands.'

"He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do any thing. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship, and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain, and said: 'Come with me and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, a license was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and returned in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come, darling,' said he to me: 'say good-by to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"'Dear father,' said I, 'forgive your darling; I can not go with you now. I must sail this voyage with MY HUSBAND, Captain Walter!'

"He looked from one to the other to see if this were jest or earnest.

"'Father dear,' said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat.

"The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, stiff gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton. When our cargo was completed we sailed homeward again.

"One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her. 'Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"'You have good eyes, darling,' said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

"I adjusted the glass to my eye, and looked intently. 'It is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports, and a large gun amidships.'

"'You are quite correct—as usual,' said my captain.

"'But she does not look like a man-of-war,' said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

"'No more is she,' said he. 'Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

"I was never a coward. I held the glass steadily in my hands, and watched the brig as she bore down with all sail set, and it was evident that she was a good sailer. There had been talk of war before we left England, but my father did not believe in it. I shuddered at the idea of its being a pirate.

"'Whatever she may be,' said my captain, 'she has no business with us. I shall give her a try at all events.' So we tacked ship, and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour she had gained perceptibly.

"'She can beat us on a wind,' said my captain, looking very serious. 'There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can.'

"Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding-sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.

"'A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling,' said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"'You know that I am not a coward,' said I; 'tell me just how it is.'

"'I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling,' said he. 'This rascally brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her.'

"'There are muskets and pistols in the cabin,' said I, 'and we have two cannons on deck.'

"'Well enough to frighten savages, or beat off the Malay pirates; but that brig is well armed, and must have plenty of men, by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, we must fight. Her Long Tom will make oven wood of us, but we must take our chance.'

"We held on, praying for night, and storm, and darkness. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship plowed gallantly. Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble. He had made the best possible preparations for defense, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was hopeless.

"As the light increased I watched the brig closely through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass and my worst fears were dispelled.

"'Look!' said I to my husband, giving him the glass; 'that man is not a pirate.'

"I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face, when I got a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass and gave an anxious look.

"'I believe you are right, my darling,' said he. 'The man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it.'

"'Do not be cast down, my brave captain,' said I; 'father has more ships, and he can deduct this one from my portion.'

"Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a Yankee privateer demanding our surrender.

"'Oh for a tier of guns, and half a chance at him!' exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming. In answer to the question, he gave the name of our good ship and his own.

"Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy still through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, which he had turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to his lieutenant who was preparing to board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself, and came on board of us.

"He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped upon our deck, justified the opinion I had formed of him. He raised his hat to me with a graceful bow, and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which he did with every courtesy. Wine and other refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of the war with America, and also of other events which were news to us at that time.

"Were we prisoners? Was this our captor, quietly conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our prosperity? He looked at me attentively, when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face.

"My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a heavy heart; but he would not show it, and said with an air of assumed cheerfulness:

"'It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I must surrender her, I am glad it is to a gentleman. Where do you propose to send us?'

"The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and turning to my husband, said:

"'Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten a man whose life you saved, and who owes *you* so much?'

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

"'Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?'

"'Yes, old fellow,' said he, 'it is really me, with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madam, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize-master, and you shall take your ship, please God! into her own harbor.'

"'But can you do this safely, Frank?' asked my captain.

"'Safely!' His lip curled. 'I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow. If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are "enemies in war, in peace friends," all but you, old fellow—I am your friend always, as you know.'

"'And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize-money?' asked my captain.

"'They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?'

"'My father,' said I.

"'All right, Madam,' said he, bowing, 'I wish to make you a small present.'

"'If you wish to do me a favor,' said I, 'make your present to my husband.'

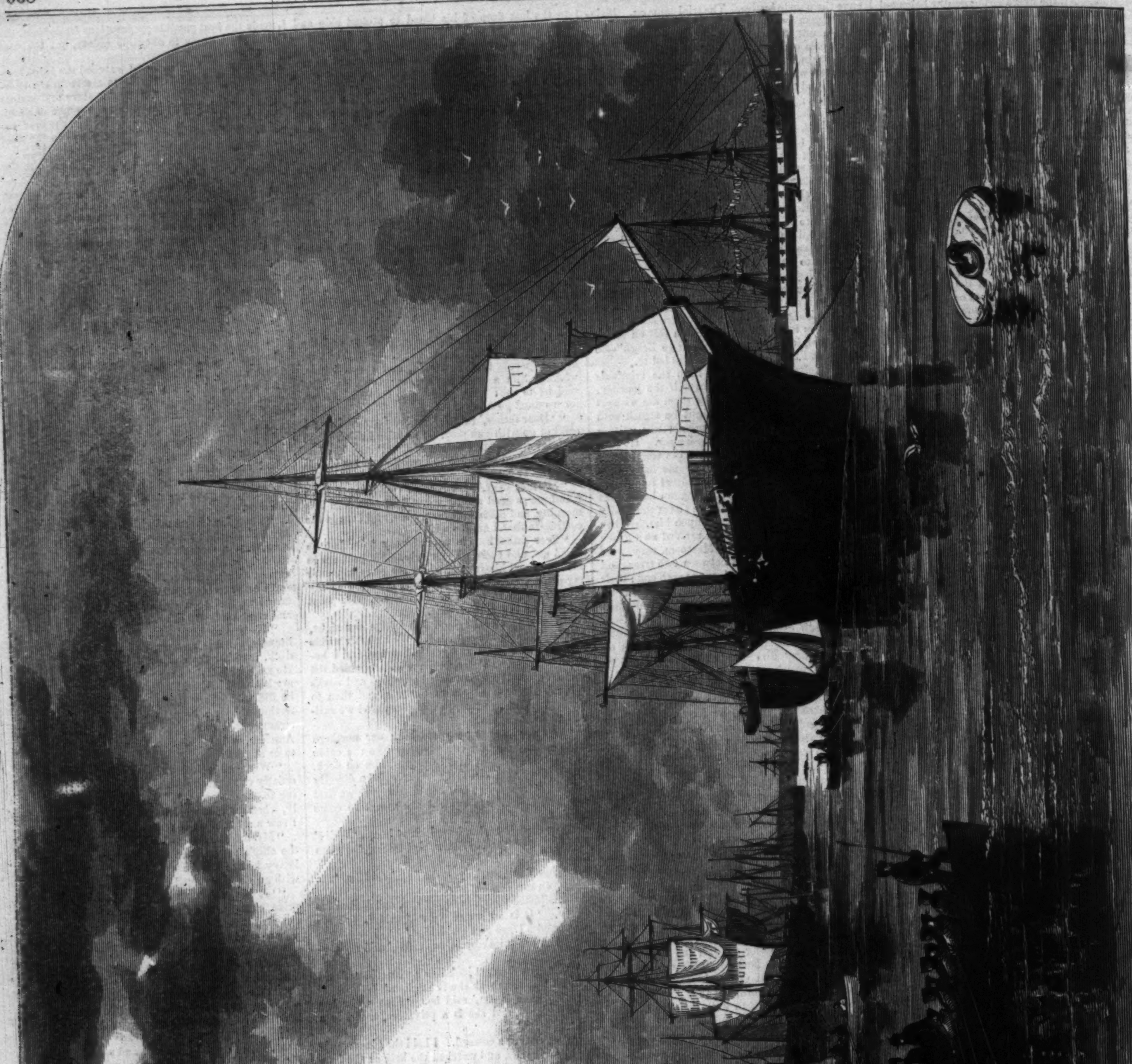
"He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

"'You are quite right, Madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

"Then he indorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and he made over ship and cargo to Captain Walter. It was not a legal document, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

"Our captor took his leave with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

"In a week more we were safe in an English harbor and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."



Columbia. Petrel. Memphis. Elizabeth. Ella Warly. Patras. Alliance. Ann. Stettin. Circassian. Tubal Cain.

OUR PRIZE FLEET, CONSISTING OF BRITISH VESSELS CAPTURED WHILE TRYING TO RUN THE BLOCKADE.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL NELSON BY GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

MR. DAVIS sends us the Hagerstown pictures given below. One of these represents the Confederate troops helping themselves to flour at Mr. Hager's mills. Mr. Hager advised them to be quick and eat it, or it might not benefit them much. The event proved his wisdom, for our cavalry recaptured a part of the wagon train containing this identical flour.

The dépôt at Hagerstown is a scene of wild activity. Immense stores of all kinds are pouring in for the sustenance of the army; every available foot of space is covered with barrels, bales, and boxes.

Another picture by Mr. Davis, which we reproduce on page 662, introduces us to WILLIAMSPORT, on the Upper Potomac. Some of our troops are represented as fording the river, which, at the time Mr. Davis made his sketch, was barely knee-deep.

SCENES AT HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning of her husband's return to North Shingles was a morning memorable forever in the domestic calendar of Mrs. Wragge. She dated from that occasion the first announcement which reached her of Magdalen's marriage.

It had been Mrs. Wragge's earthly lot to pass her life in a state of perpetual surprise. Never yet, however, had she wandered in such a maze of astonishment as the maze in which she lost herself when the captain coolly told her the truth. She had been sharp enough to suspect Mr. Noel Vanstone of coming to the house in the character of a sweet-heart on approval; and she had dimly interpreted certain expressions of impatience which had fallen from Magdalen's lips as boding ill for the success of his suit—but her utmost penetration had never reached as far as a suspicion of the impending marriage. She rose from one climax of amazement to another as her husband proceeded with his disclosure. A wedding in the family at a day's notice! and that wedding Magdalen's! and not a single new dress ordered for any body, the bride included! and the Oriental Cashmere Robe totally unavailable, on the occasion of all others when she might have worn it to the greatest advantage! Mrs. Wragge dropped crookedly into a chair, and beat her disorderly hands on her unsymmetrical knees, in utter forgetfulness of the captain's presence and the captain's terrible eye. It would not have surprised her to hear next that the world had come to an end, and that the only mortal whom Destiny had overlooked in winding up the affairs of this earthly planet was herself!

Leaving his wife to recover her composure by her own unaided efforts, Captain Wragge withdrew to wait for Magdalen's appearance in the lower regions of the house. It was close on one o'clock before the sound of footsteps in the room above warned him that she was awake and stirring. He called at once for the maid (whose name he had ascertained to be Louisa), and sent her up stairs to her mistress for the second time.

Magdalen was standing by her dressing-table when a faint tap at the door suddenly roused her. The tap was followed by the sound of a meek voice, which announced itself as the voice of "her maid," and inquired if Miss Bygrave needed any assistance that morning.

"Not at present," said Magdalen, as soon as she recovered the surprise of finding herself unexpectedly provided with an attendant. "I will ring when I want you."

After dismissing the woman with that answer, she accidentally looked from the door to the window. Any speculations on the subject of the new servant in which she might otherwise have engaged were instantly suspended by the sight of the bottle of laudanum, still standing on the ledge of the window, where she had left it at sunrise. She took it once more in her hand, with a strange confusion of feeling—with a vague doubt even yet, whether the sight of it reminded her of a terrible reality or a terrible dream. Her first impulse was to rid herself of it on the spot. She raised the bottle to throw the contents out of the window—and paused, in sudden distrust of the impulse that had come to her. "I have accepted my new life," she thought. "How do I know what that life may have in store for me?" She turned from the window and went back to the table. "I may be forced to drink it yet," she said, and put the laudanum into her dressing-case.

Her mind was not at ease when she had done this: there seemed to be some indefinable ingratitude in the act. Still she made no attempt to remove the bottle from its hiding-place. She hurried on her toilet; she hastened the time when she could ring for the maid, and forget herself and her waking thoughts in a new subject. After touching the bell she took from the table her letter to Norah and her letter to the captain; put them both into her dressing-case with the laudanum, and locked it securely with the key which she kept attached to her watch-chain.

Magdalen's first impression of her attendant was not an agreeable one. She could not investigate the girl with the experienced eye of the landlady at the London hotel, who had characterized the stranger as a young person conversant with misfortune; and who had shown plainly, by her look and manner, of what nature she suspected that misfortune to be. But, with this drawback, Magdalen was perfectly competent to detect the tokens of sickness and sorrow lurking under the surface of the new maid's activity and politeness. She suspected the girl was ill-tempered; she disliked her name; and she was indisposed to welcome any servant who had been engaged by Mr. Noel Vanstone. But after the first few minutes "Louisa" grew on her liking. She answered all the questions put to her with perfect directness; she appeared to understand her duties thoroughly; and she never spoke until she was spoken to first. After making all the inquiries that occurred to her at the time, and after determining to give the maid a fair trial, Magdalen rose to leave the room. The very air in it was still heavy to her with the oppression of the past night.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" she asked, turning to the servant, with her hand on the door.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Louisa, very respectfully and very quietly. "I think my master told me that the marriage was to be to-morrow?"

Magdalen repressed the shudder that stole over her at that reference to the marriage on the lips of a stranger, and answered in the affirmative.

"It's a very short time, Miss, to prepare in. If you would be so kind as to give me my orders about the packing before you go down stairs—?"

"There are no such preparations to make as you suppose," said Magdalen, hastily. "The few things I have here can be all packed at once, if you like. I shall wear the same dress to-morrow which I have on to-day. Leave out the straw bonnet and the light shawl, and put every thing else into my boxes. I have no new dresses to pack—I have nothing ordered for the occasion, of any sort." She tried to add some commonplace phrases of explanation, accounting as probably as might be for the absence of the usual wedding outfit and wedding-dress. But no further reference to the marriage would pass her lips, and without another word she abruptly left the room.

The meek and melancholy Louisa stood lost in astonishment. "Something wrong here," she thought. "I'm half afraid of my new place already." She sighed resignedly, shook her head, and went to the wardrobe. She first examined the drawers underneath; took out the various articles of linen laid inside, and placed them on chairs. Opening the upper part of the wardrobe next, she ranged the dresses in it side by side on the bed. Her last proceeding was to push the empty boxes into the middle of the room, and to compare the space at her disposal with the articles of dress which she had to pack. She completed her preliminary calculations with the ready self-reliance of a woman who thoroughly understood her business, and began the packing forthwith. Just as she had placed the first article of linen in the smaller box the door of the room opened, and the house-servant, eager for gossip, came in.

"What do you want?" asked Louisa, quietly.

"Did you ever hear of any thing like this!" said the house-servant, entering on her subject immediately.

"Like what?"

"Like this marriage, to be sure! You're London bred, they tell me. Did you ever hear of a young lady being married without a single new thing to her back? No wedding-veil, and no wedding-breakfast, and no wedding-favors for the servants! It's flying in the face of Providence—that's what I say. I'm only a poor servant, I know. But it's wicked—downright wicked—and I don't care who hears me!"

Louisa went on with the packing.

"Look at her dresses!" persisted the house-servant, waving her hand indignantly at the bed. "I'm only a poor girl, but I wouldn't marry the best man alive without a new gown to my back. Look here! look at this dowdy brown thing here. Alpaca! You're not going to pack this Alpaca thing, are you? Why it's hardly fit for a servant! I don't know that I'd take a gift of it if it was offered me. It would do for me if I took it up in the skirt and let it out in the waist; and it wouldn't look so bad with a bit of bright trimming, would it?"

"Let that dress alone, if you please," said Louisa, as quietly as ever.

"What did you say?" inquired the other, doubting whether her ears had not deceived her.

"I said, let that dress alone. It belongs to my mistress; and I have my mistress's orders to pack up every thing in the room. You are not helping me by coming here—you are very much in my way."

"Well!" said the house-servant, "you may be London bred, as they say. But if these are your London manners, give me Suffolk!" She opened the door, with an angry snatch at the handle, shut it violently, opened it again, and looked in. "Give me Suffolk!" said the house-servant, with a parting nod of her head to point the edge of her sarcasm.

Louisa proceeded impenetrably with her packing up.

Having neatly disposed of the linen in the smaller box, she turned her attention to the dresses next. After passing them carefully in review, to ascertain which was the least valuable of the collection, and to place that one in the bottom of the trunk for the rest to lie on, she made her choice with very little difficulty. The first gown which she put into the box was the brown Alpaca dress.

Meanwhile Magdalen had joined the captain down stairs. Although he could not fail to notice the languor in her face, and the listlessness of all her movements, he was relieved to find that she met him with perfect composure. She was even self-possessed enough to ask him for news of his journey, with no other signs of agitation than a passing change of color and a little trembling of the lips.

"So much for the past," said Captain Wragge, when his narrative of the expedition to London by way of St. Crux had come to an end. "Now for the present. The bridegroom—"

"If it makes no difference," she interposed, "call him Mr. Noel Vanstone."

"With all my heart. Mr. Noel Vanstone is coming here this afternoon to dine and spend the evening. He will be tiresome in the last degree; but, like all tiresome people, he is not to be got rid of on any terms. Before he comes I have a last word or two of caution for your private ear. By this time to-morrow we shall have parted, without any certain knowledge on either side of our ever meeting again. I am anxious to serve your interests faithfully to the last; I am anxious you should feel that I have done all I could for your future security when we say good-by."

Magdalen looked at him in surprise. He spoke in altered tones. He was agitated; he was strangely in earnest. Something in his look and manner took her memory back to the first night at Aldborough, when she had opened her mind to him in the darkening solitude—when they two had sat together alone on the slope of the martello tower.

"I have no reason to think otherwise than kindly of you," she said.

Captain Wragge suddenly left his chair, and took a turn backward and forward in the room. Magdalen's last words seemed to have produced some extraordinary disturbance in him.

"Damn it!" he broke out; "I can't let you say that. You have reason to think ill of me. I have cheated you. You never got your fair share of profit from the Entertainment, from first to last. There! now the murder's out!"

Magdalen smiled, and signed to him to come back to his chair.

"I know you cheated me," she said, quietly. "You were in the exercise of your profession, Captain Wragge. I expected it when I joined you. I made no complaint at the time, and I make none now. If the money you took is any recompense for all the trouble I have given you, you are heartily welcome to it."

"Will you shake hands on that?" asked the captain, with an awkwardness and hesitation strongly at variance with his customary ease of manner.

Magdalen gave him her hand. He wrung it hard. "You are a strange girl," he said, trying to speak lightly. "You have laid a hold on me that I don't quite understand. I'm half uncomfortable at taking the money from you now, and yet you don't want it, do you?" He hesitated. "I almost wish," he said, "I had never met you on the walls of York."

"It is too late to wish that, Captain Wragge. Say no more—you only distress me; say no more. We have other subjects to talk about. What were those words of caution which you had for my private ear?"

The captain took another turn in the room, and struggled back again into his everyday character. He produced from his pocket-book Mrs. Lecount's letter to her master, and handed it to Magdalen.

"There is the letter that might have ruined us if it had ever reached its address," he said. "Read it carefully. I have a question to ask you when you have done."

Magdalen read the letter. "What is this proof," she inquired, "which Mrs. Lecount relies on so confidently?"

"The very question I was going to ask you," said Captain Wragge. "Consult your memory of what happened when you tried that experiment in Vauxhall Walk. Did Mrs. Lecount get no other chance against you than the chances you have told me of already?"

"She discovered that my face was disguised, and she heard me speak in my own voice."

"And nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Very good. Then my interpretation of the letter is clearly the right one. The proof Mrs. Lecount relies on is my wife's infernal ghost story—which is, in plain English, the story of Miss Bygrave having been seen in Miss Vanstone's disguise, the witness being the very person who is afterward presented at Aldborough in the character of Miss Bygrave's aunt. An excellent chance for Mrs. Lecount, if she can only lay her hand at the right time on Mrs. Wragge, and no chance at all if she can't. Make your mind easy on that point. Mrs. Lecount and my wife have seen the last of each other. In the mean time, don't neglect the warning I give you in giving you this letter. Tear it up for fear of accidents, but don't forget it."

"Trust me to remember it," replied Magdalen, destroying the letter while she spoke. "Have you any thing more to tell me?"

"I have some information to give you," said Captain Wragge, "which may be useful, because it relates to your future security. Mind, I want to know nothing about your proceedings when to-morrow is over—we settled that when we first discussed this matter. I ask no questions, and I make no guesses. All I want to do now is to warn you of your legal position after your marriage, and to leave you to make what use you please of your knowledge at your own sole discretion. I took a lawyer's opinion on the point when I was in London, thinking it might be useful to you."

"It is sure to be useful. What did the lawyer say?"

"To put it plainly, this is what he said: If Mr. Noel Vanstone ever discovers that you have knowingly married him under a false name, he can apply to the Ecclesiastical Court to have his marriage declared null and void. The issue of the application would rest with the Judges. But if he could prove that he had been intentionally deceived, the legal opinion is that his case would be a strong one."

"Suppose I chose to apply on my side?" said Magdalen, eagerly. "What then?"

"You might make the application," replied the captain. "But remember one thing—you would come into Court with the acknowledgment of your own deception. I leave you to imagine what the Judges would think of that."

"Did the lawyer tell you any thing else?"

"One thing besides," said Captain Wragge. "Whatever the law might do with the marriage in the lifetime of both the parties to it, on the death of either one of them no application made by the survivor would avail; and, as to the case of that survivor, the marriage would remain valid. You understand? If he dies, or if you die—and if no application has been made to the Court—he the survivor, or you the survivor, would have no power of disputing the marriage. But in the lifetime of both of you, if he claimed to have the marriage dissolved, the chances are all in favor of his carrying his point."

He looked at Magdalen with a furtive curiosity as he said those words. She turned her head aside, absently tying her watch-chain into a loop and untying it again, evidently thinking with the closest attention over what he had last said to her. Captain Wragge walked uneasily to the window and looked out. The first object that caught his eye was Mr. Noel Vanstone approaching from Sea View. He returned instantly to his former place in the room, and addressed himself to Magdalen once more.

"Here is Mr. Noel Vanstone," he said. "One last caution before he comes in. Be on your guard with him about your age. He put the question to me before he got the License. I took the shortest way out of the difficulty, and told him you were twenty-one, and he made the declaration accordingly. Never mind about *me*; after to-morrow I am invisible. But in your own interests don't forget, if the subject ever turns up, that you are of age. There is nothing more. You are provided with every necessary warning that I can give you. Whatever happens in the future, remember I have done my best."

He hurried to the door without waiting for an answer, and went out into the garden to receive his guest.

Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance at the gate, solemnly carrying his bridal offering to North Shingles with both hands. The object in question was an ancient casket (one of his father's bargains); inside the casket reposed an old-fashioned carbuncle brooch set in silver (another of his father's bargains)—bridal presents both, possessing the inestimable merit of leaving his money undisturbed in his pocket. He shook his head portentously when the captain inquired after his health and spirits. He had passed a wakeful night; ungovernable apprehensions of Lecount's sudden reappearance had beset him as soon as he found himself alone at Sea View. Sea View was redolent of Lecount: Sea View (though built on piles, and the strongest house in England) was henceforth odious to him. He had felt this all night; he had also felt his responsibilities. There was the lady's-maid, to begin with. Now he had hired her he began to think she wouldn't do. She might fall sick on his hands; she might have deceived him by a false character; she and the landlady of the hotel might have been in league together. Horrible! Really horrible to think of! Then there was the other responsibility—perhaps the heaviest of the two—the responsibility of deciding where he was to go and spend his honey-moon to-morrow. He would have preferred one of his father's empty houses. But except at Vauxhall Walk (which he supposed would be objected to) and at Aldborough (which was, of course, out of the question), all the houses were let. He would put himself in Mr. Bygrave's hands. Where had Mr. Bygrave spent his own honey-moon. Given the British Islands to choose from, where would Mr. Bygrave pitch his tent, on a careful review of all the circumstances?

At this point the bridegroom's questions suddenly came to an end, and the bridegroom's face exhibited an expression of ungovernable astonishment. His judicious friend, whose advice had been at his disposal in every other emergency, suddenly turned round on him, in the emergency of the honey-moon, and flatly declined discussing the subject.

"No!" said the captain, as Mr. Noel Vanstone opened his lips to plead for a hearing, "you must really excuse me. My point of view in this matter is, as usual, a peculiar one. For some time past I have been living in an atmosphere of deception to suit your convenience. That atmosphere, my good Sir, is getting close—my Moral Being requires ventilation. Settle the choice of a locality with my niece, and leave me, at my particular request, in total ignorance on the subject. Mrs. Lecount is certain to come here on her return from Zurich, and is certain to ask me where you are gone. You may think it strange, Mr. Vanstone; but when I say I don't know, I wish to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of feeling for once in a way that I am telling the truth!"

With those words he opened the sitting-room door, introduced Mr. Noel Vanstone to Magdalen's presence, bowed himself out of the room again, and set forth alone to while away the rest of the afternoon by taking a walk. His face showed plain tokens of anxiety, and his parti-colored eyes looked hither and thither distrustfully as he sauntered along the shore. "The time hangs heavy on our hands," thought the captain. "I wish to-morrow was come and gone."

The day passed and nothing happened; the evening and the night followed placidly and uneventfully. Monday came—a cloudless, lovely day; Monday confirmed the captain's assertion that the marriage was a certainty. Toward ten o'clock the clerk, ascending the church steps, quoted the old proverb to the pew-opener, meeting him under the porch: "Happy the bride on whom the sun shines!"

In a quarter of an hour more the wedding-party was in the vestry, and the clergyman led the way to the altar. Carefully as the secret of the marriage had been kept, the opening of the church in the morning had been enough to betray it. A small congregation, almost entirely composed of women, was scattered here and there among the pews. Kirke's sister and her children were staying with a friend at Aldborough, and Kirke's sister was one of the congregation.

As the wedding-party entered the church the

haunting terror of Mrs. Lecount spread from Noel Vanstone to the captain. For the first few minutes the eyes of both of them looked among the women in the pews with the same searching scrutiny, and looked away again with the same sense of relief. The clergyman noticed that look, and investigated the License more closely than usual. The clerk began to doubt privately whether the old proverb about the bride was a proverb to be always depended on. The female members of the congregation murmured among themselves at the inexcusable disregard of appearances implied in the bride's dress. Kirke's sister whispered venomously in her friend's ear, "Thank God for to-day, for Robert's sake!" Mrs. Wragge cried silently with the dread of some threatening calamity, she knew not what. The one person present who remained outwardly undisturbed was Magdalen herself. She stood with tearless resignation in her place before the altar—stood, as if all the sources of human emotion were frozen up within her. What she suffered that morning she suffered in the secrecy which no mortal insight can divine.

The clergyman opened the Book.

* * * * * * * *

It was done. The awful words which speak from earth to Heaven were pronounced. The children of the two dead brothers—inheritors of the implacable enmity which had parted their parents—were Man and Wife.

From that moment events hurried with a headlong rapidity to the parting scene. They were back at the house, while the words of the Marriage Service seemed still ringing in their ears. Before they had been five minutes indoors the carriage drew up at the garden-gate. In a minute more the opportunity came for which Magdalen and the captain had been on the watch—the opportunity of speaking together in private for the last time. She still preserved her icy resignation—she seemed beyond all reach now of the fear that had once mastered her, of the remorse that had once tortured her to the soul. With a firm hand she gave him the promised money. With a firm face she looked her last at him. "I'm not to blame," he whispered, eagerly; "I have only done what you asked me." She bowed her head—she bent it toward him kindly, and let him touch her forehead with his lips. "Take care!" he said. "My last words are, for God's sake take care when I'm gone!" She turned from him with a smile, and spoke her farewell words to his wife. Mrs. Wragge tried hard to face her loss bravely—the loss of the friend whose presence had fallen like light from Heaven over the dim pathway of her life. "You have been very good to me, my dear; I thank you kindly, I thank you with all my heart." She could say no more; she clung to Magdalen in a passion of tears, as her mother might have clung to her if her mother had lived to see that horrible day. "I'm frightened for you!" cried the poor creature, in a wild, wailing voice. "Oh, my darling, I'm frightened for you!" Magdalen desperately drew herself free, kissed her, and hurried out to the door. The expression of that artless gratitude, the cry of that guileless love, shook her as nothing else had shaken her that day. It was a refuge to get to the carriage—a refuge, though the man she had married stood there waiting for her at the door.

Mrs. Wragge tried to follow her into the garden. But the captain had seen Magdalen's face as she ran out, and he steadily held his wife back in the passage. From that distance the last farewells were exchanged. As long as the carriage was in sight Magdalen's face looked back at them; she waved her handkerchief as she turned the corner. In a moment more the last thread which bound her to them was broken; the familiar companionship of many months was a thing of the past already.

Captain Wragge closed the house-door on the idlers who were looking in from the parade. He led his wife back into the sitting-room and spoke to her with a forbearance which she had never yet experienced from him.

"She has gone her way," he said, "and in another hour we shall have gone ours. Cry your cry out; I don't deny she's worth crying for."

Even then—even when the dread of Magdalen's future was at its darkest in his mind—the ruling habit of the man's life clung to him. Mechanically he unlocked his dispatch-box. Mechanically he opened his Book of Accounts, and made the closing entry—the entry of his last transaction with Magdalen—in black and white. "By Rec[d] from Miss Vanstone," wrote the captain, with a gloomy brow, "Two hundred pounds."

"You won't be angry with me?" said Mrs. Wragge, looking timidly at her husband through her tears. "I want a word of comfort, captain. Oh, do tell me, when shall I see her again?"

The captain closed the book and answered in one inexorable word:

"Never!"

Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night Mrs. Lecount drove into Zurich.

Her brother's house, when she stopped before it, was shut up. With some difficulty and delay the servant was aroused. She held up her hands in speechless amazement when she opened the door and saw who her visitor was.

"Is my brother alive?" asked Mrs. Lecount, entering the house.

"Alive!" echoed the servant. "He has gone holiday-making into the country to finish his recovery in the fine fresh air."

The housekeeper staggered back against the wall of the passage. The coachman and the servant put her into a chair. Her face was livid, and her teeth chattered in her head.

"Send for my brother's doctor," she said, as soon as she could speak.

The doctor came in. She handed him a letter before he could say a word.

"Did you write that letter?"

He looked it over rapidly, and answered her without hesitation,

"Certainly not!"

"It is your handwriting."

"It is a forgery of my handwriting."

She rose from the chair with a new strength in her.

"When does the return mail start for Paris?" she asked.

"In half an hour."

"Send instantly and take me a place in it?"

The servant hesitated; the doctor protested. She turned a deaf ear to them both.

"Send!" she reiterated, "or I will go myself."

They obeyed. The servant went to take the place: the doctor remained and held a conversation with Mrs. Lecount. When the half hour had passed he helped her into her place in the mail, and charged the conductor privately to take care of his passenger.

"She has traveled from England without stopping," said the doctor; "and she is traveling back again without rest. Be careful of her, or she will break down under the double journey."

The mail started. Before the first hour of the new day was at an end Mrs. Lecount was on her way back to England.

THE END OF THE FOURTH SCENE.

THE MURDER OF GEN. NELSON.

On page 669 we publish an illustration of the ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL NELSON BY GENERAL J. C. DAVIS, which took place ten days since at Louisville. Our picture is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Mosler, who visited the spot immediately after the affair. The Cincinnati *Inquirer* gives the following particulars:

When the alarm was raised in Louisville that the enemy were marching on that city, General Davis, who could not reach his command under General Buell, then at Bowling Green, went to General Nelson and tendered his services. General Nelson gave him the command of the city militia so soon as they were organized. General Davis opened an office and went to work in assisting the organization. On Wednesday last General Davis called upon General Nelson in his room at the Galt House, in Louisville, when the following took place:

GEN. DAVIS. "I have the brigade, General, you assigned me ready for service, and have called to inquire if I can obtain arms for them."

GEN. NELSON. "How many men have you?"

DAVIS. "About twenty-five hundred men, General."

NELSON (roughly and angrily). "About twenty-five hundred! *About* twenty-five hundred! By G—d! you a regular officer, and come here to me and report *about* the number of men in your command? G—d d—n you, don't you know, Sir, you should furnish me the exact number?"

DAVIS. "General, I didn't expect to get the guns now, and only wanted to learn if I could get them, and where; and, having learned the exact number needed, would then draw them."

NELSON (pacing the room in a rage). "About twenty-five hundred! By G—d I suspend you from your command, and order you to report to General Wright; and I've a d—d mind to put you under arrest. Leave my room, Sir!"

DAVIS. "I will not leave, General, until you give me an order."

NELSON. "The h—l you won't! By G—d I'll put you under arrest, and send you out of the city under a provost guard! Leave my room, Sir!"

General Davis left the room, and, in order to avoid an arrest, crossed over the river to Jeffersonville, where he remained until the next day, when he was joined by General Burbridge, who had also been relieved by Nelson for a trivial cause. General Davis came to Cincinnati with General Burbridge, and reported to General Wright, who ordered General Davis to return to Louisville and report to General Buell, and General Burbridge to remain in Cincinnati. General Davis returned on Friday evening and reported to General Buell. Nothing further occurred until yesterday morning, when General Davis, seeing General Nelson in the main hall of the Galt House, fronting the office, went up to Governor Morton and requested him to step up with him to General Nelson and witness the conversation that might pass between Nelson and him. The Governor consented, and the two walked up to General Nelson, when the following took place:

GEN. DAVIS. "Sir, you seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day."

GEN. NELSON (sneeringly, and placing his hand to his ear). "Speak louder, I don't hear very well."

DAVIS (in a louder tone). "You seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day."

NELSON (indignantly). "I don't know that I did, Sir."

DAVIS. "You threatened to arrest and send me out of the State under a provost guard."

NELSON (striking Davis with the back of his hand twice in the face). "There, d—n you, take that!"

DAVIS (retreating). "This is not the last of it; you will hear from me again."

General Nelson then turned to Governor Morton, and said: "By G—d, did you come here also to insult me?"

GOV. MORTON. "No, Sir; but I was requested to be present and listen to the conversation between you and General Davis."

GEN. NELSON (violently to the by-standers). "Did you hear the d—d rascal insult me?" and then walked into the ladies' parlor.

In three minutes General Davis returned, with a pistol he had borrowed of Captain Gibson, of Louisville, and walking toward the door that Nelson had passed through, he saw Nelson walking out of the parlor into the hall separating the main hall from the parlor. The two were face to face, and about ten yards apart, when General Davis drew his pistol and fired, the ball entering Nelson's heart, or in the immediate vicinity.

General Nelson threw up both hands and caught a gentleman near by around the neck, and exclaimed, "I am shot!" He then walked up the flight of stairs toward General Buell's room, but sank at the top of the stairs, and was unable to proceed further. He was then conveyed to his room, and when laid on his bed requested that the Rev. Mr. Talbott, an Episcopal clergyman stopping in the house, might be sent to him at once. The reverend gentleman arrived in about five minutes.

Mr. Talbott found General Nelson extremely anxious as to his future welfare, and deeply penitent about the many sins he had committed. He knew that he must die immediately, and requested the ordinance of baptism might be administered, which was done. The General then whispered, "It's all over," and died in fifteen minutes after he was conveyed to his room. His death was easy, the passing away of his spirit as though the General had fallen into a quiet sleep.

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